

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_174546

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

A NINETEENTH CENTURY
MISCELLANY

Copyright

First Edition, March, 1931

Second „ September, 1931

Printed in Great Britain

The Laurel and Gold Series

In books lies the Soul
of the whole Past Time.

T. Carlyle



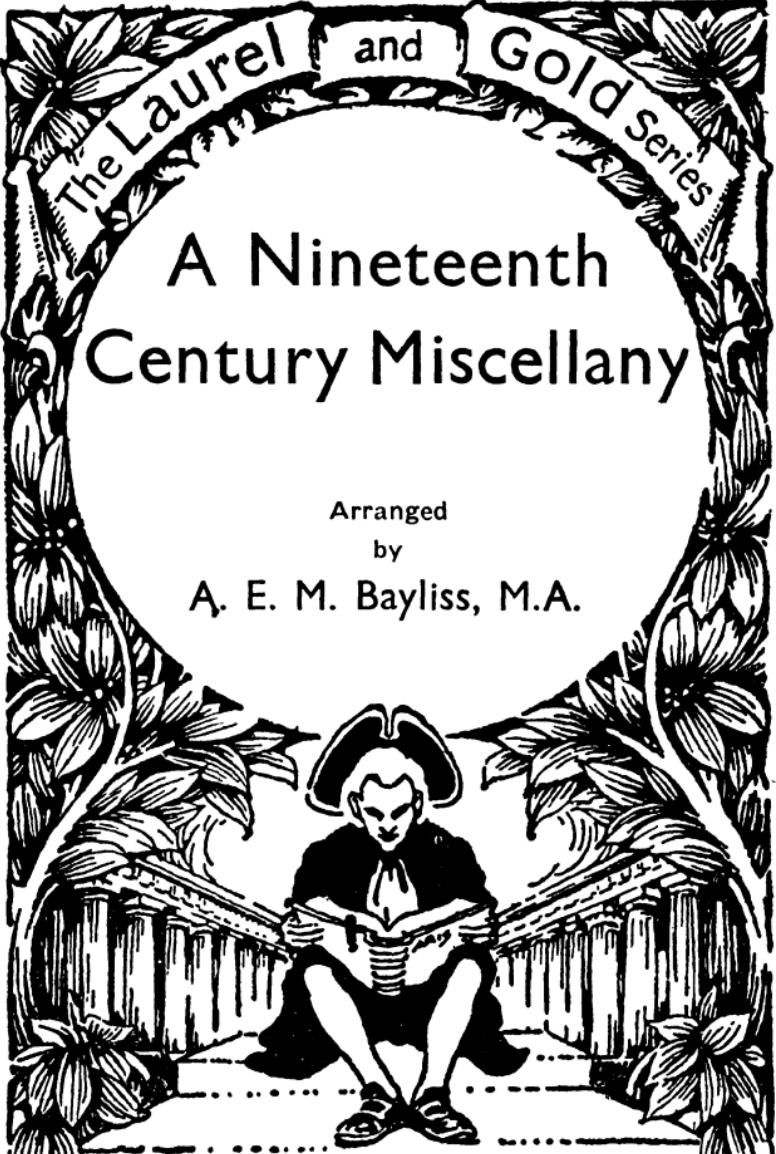
General Editor
John R. Crossland

The Laurel and Gold Series

A Nineteenth Century Miscellany

Arranged
by

A. E. M. Bayliss, M.A.



A black and white woodcut-style illustration of a man with a powdered wig, wearing a dark coat over a white cravat and waistcoat, sitting cross-legged on a low stool in a classical portico. He is holding an open book and reading. The background shows columns and foliage.

Collins' Clear-Type Press

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	II
ACTION AND ADVENTURE		
ROB ROY'S ESCAPE	SIR WALTER SCOTT	17
AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE	CHARLES DICKENS	24
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS	ROBERT BROWNING	32
LOCHINVAR	SIR WALTER SCOTT	36
THE FIRST RIDE	GEORGE BORROW	39
HOW HEREWARD SLEW THE BEAR	CHARLES KINGSLEY	44
ADVENTURES OF A PIECE OF LACE	ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELI	47
THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR	THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK	50
THE ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER	CHARLES READE	52
THE TRIANGULAR DUEL	FREDERICK MARRYAT	57
SHAMEFUL DEATH	WILLIAM MORRIS	63
THE LANTERN BEARERS	ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	65
CHRISTMAS CAROLS	THOMAS HARDY	68
THE CALL OF BEAUTY		
THE NATURE LOVER	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	73
THE RAINBOW	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	73
DAFFODILS	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	74
BEAUTY AMONG THE LAKES	D. WORDSWORTH	75
FROM " INVOCATION "	P. B. SHELLEY	76
THE CLOUD	P. B. SHELLEY	77
THOUGHTS BY THE TUMULUS	R. JEFFERIES	80

CONTENTS

		PAGE
NATURE AND ART	W. S. LANDOR	82
PICTURES OF SUNRISE (1)	W. WORDSWORTH	82
(2)	LORD TENNYSON	83
(3)	ROBERT BROWNING	84
(4)	ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	84
(5)	JOHN RUSKIN	88
ODE ON A GRECIAN URN	JOHN KEATS	89
THE POWER OF POETRY	MATTHEW ARNOLD	91
UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	93
THE REAPER	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	94
A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	E BARRETT BROWNING	95
A DAMSEL WITH A DULCIMER	S. T. COLERIDGE	97
ODE	A. O'SHAUGHNESSY	98
	1	

WAYFARERS AND TRAVELLERS

ON GOING A JOURNEY	W. HAZLITT	101
THE VAGABOND	ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	104
THE LAPPS	LORD DUFFERIN	106
TIERRA DEL FUEGO	CHARLES DARWIN	111
THE DESERT	A. W. KINGLAKE	116
THE SOURCE OF THE NILE	J. H. SPEKE	122
AMAZON FORESTS	H. W. BATES	126

THE PAST REVIVED

SENNACHERIB	LORD BYRON	133
THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII	LORD LYTTON	135
ARTHUR'S LAST FIGHT	LORD TENNYSON	138
FIELD SPORTS IN THE MIDDLE AGES	HENRY HALLAM	140
THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA	J. A. FROUDE	143
CHARLES II. IN ST. JAMES'S PARK	SIR WALTER SCOTT	147

CONTENTS

9

	PAGE	
THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA	LORD MACAULAY	149
THE DEATH OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY	T. CARLYLE	153
A NATION MOURNING	ROBERT SOUTHEY	156
NEWS OF VICTORY	T. DE QUINCEY	158
THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN	E. BARRETT BROWNING	162
ON A PIECE OF CHALK	T. H. HUXLEY	164
SCIENCE AND HISTORY	LORD TENNYSON	166

THE POST

THE DELIGHTS OF LONDON	CHARLES LAMB	169
TRAVELLING IN ITALY	P. B. SHELLEY	172
ADVICE TO LUCY	SYDNEY SMITH	174
DICKENS LOSES HIS PET RAVEN	CHARLES DICKENS	175
TO A LITTLE FRIEND	THOMAS HOOD	177

THE CHANGING YEAR

ALL SEASONS SWEET	S. T. COLERIDGE	181
SPRING	A. C. SWINBURNE	181
HOME - THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD	ROBERT BROWNING	182
GOLDEN GLORIES	C. G. ROSSETTI	183
SUMMER FLOWERS	MATTHEW ARNOLD	184
TO AUTUMN	JOHN KEATS	184
THE WEST WIND	P. B. SHELLEY	186
WINTER	LORD TENNYSON	188

SCHOOLDAYS

A SCHOOLBOY FIGHT	W. M. THACKERAY	191
MR. SQUEERS ON EDUCATION	CHARLES DICKENS	199
HOW JOHN RIDD LEARNED TO SWIM	R. D. BLACKMORE	201

CONTENTS

		PAGE
A CHARITY SCHOOL	CHARLOTTE BRONTE	203
TOSSED IN A BLANKET	THOMAS HUGHES	210
THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY	LEWIS CARROLL	215

PICTURES AND PORTRAITS

A SEA PICTURE	JOHN RUSKIN	221
CHIMNEY SWEEPERS	CHARLES LAMB	223
A VILLAGE LANDLORD	GEORGE ELIOT	226
A SHABBY-GENTEEL	CHARLES DICKENS	228
THE PATRIOT	ROBERT BROWNING	230
A " NOW "	LEIGH HUNT	232
THE BLESSED DAMOZEL	D. G. ROSSETTI	236
ON THE WAY	WALTER PATER	238

IN SERIOUS VEIN

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT		
AVAILETH	A H CLOUGH	243
UP-HILL	C G ROSSETTI	244
PROSPICE	ROBERT BROWNING	245
<hr/>		
EXERCISES		247
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS		253

INTRODUCTION

THE literature of the 19th Century opens on a note of idealism and romance. The influence of the French Revolution had early made itself felt in England, and English writers, especially the poets, had become inspired with ideas of liberty. The spirit of revolt showed itself in various ways. It involved not only a deeper sympathy with the rights of Man, but a new attitude towards literature.

Before the end of the previous century Wordsworth and Coleridge had proclaimed what was virtually a revolt against the restraints of classical poetic diction and asserted their right to treat of simple everyday life in a simple language differing little from that of prose. But the protest did not end there. It was continued by Byron in his revolt against the conventions of society and by Shelley and others who wished to improve the lot of their more unfortunate countrymen. The poetry of the whole of the Romantic Age, as the period before 1832 was called, breathes a spirit of freedom. At the same time, it was inspired by an intense love of Nature, and a search for beauty in the wonder and mystery of the past.

This latter tendency is also to be seen in the

INTRODUCTION

novels of Scott and Lytton, the former of whom, perhaps more than any other author, succeeded in making "the dry bones of history" to live. We have seen that love of beauty was the unifying influence of the Romantic Revival, which was primarily an age of poetry. At the same time one may detect a greater freedom of imagination, together with a more intimate and personal element in the essays of Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt and De Quincey.

When we come to the Victorian Age we find two strongly marked characteristics which coloured its life and thought, and gave rise to important developments in literature. One was a growth of the democratic spirit, giving rise to attempts in both prose and poetry to bring about social reform. This was inherent in the preceding era, but it received new impetus as the result of the Industrial Revolution, which naturally brought about a radical change in the life of the people and was attended at first by much misery and disorder.

One sees this spirit reflected in Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," and in the socialistic poems of William Morris, but it increases in both range and intensity in the humanitarian novels of Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Reade and Kingsley.

The second was the rapid development of science which soon came into conflict with religion and

caused a wave of doubt and pessimism to sweep over England. By mid-century the nation had settled down more or less to a state of peace and prosperity conducive to intellectual progress and the satisfying of a new demand for popular education. One of the greatest landmarks of this period was Darwin's scientific discovery of the Origin of Species, which caused a mental conflict scarcely paralleled by any other theory before or since. If we are to see its results we must examine the poetry of Tennyson, Arnold and Clough, whose "philosophic doubts" formed an interesting contrast to the stubborn optimism of Browning and the virile teachings of Carlyle.

Romanticism had become intellectualised, and though it still preserved its love of Nature, the bias had shifted towards interest in Man, his aspirations, beliefs, and achievements. The new age was one of teachers and reformers, of historians and travellers, of scientists and critics. Its many-sidedness is shown in the extraordinary range of its prose, which included a long succession of novels, essays and belles-lettres, which touched upon almost every aspect of life and thought. Meanwhile the spirit of Romanticism had reawakened about mid-century in the form of a new art-movement on the part of the Pre-Raphaelites: a brotherhood of painters and poets led by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It may be described as another revolt against convention and an

INTRODUCTION

escape into the mediæval and classical ages in search of romance. Besides inspiring a notable group of poems by the two Rossettis, William Morris, and Swinburne, it turned prose criticism into the channels of art, such prose being seen at its best in the work of Ruskin and Walter Pater.

Towards the end of the century Victorianism took a new turn. The immense growth of journalism affected literary style, which tended to become freer, more graphic and less ornate. Realism was added to Romance, as may be seen in the writings of Kipling, and a revival of the drama took place under the influence of Irish playwrights such as Bernard Shaw, W. B. Yeats, and John Synge.

Present-day tendencies are a logical outcome of the ideals of the years just before 1900. Modern literature concerns itself with every phase of experience; it is specialised, experimental, but essentially vital.

ACTION AND ADVENTURE

ROB ROY'S ESCAPE

WE continued our march with considerable good order. To ensure the safe custody of the prisoner, the Duke had caused him to be placed on horseback behind one of his retainers, called, as I was informed, Ewan of Brigglands, one of the largest and strongest men who were present. A horse-belt, passed round the bodies of both and buckled before the yoman's breast, rendered it impossible for Rob Roy to free himself from his keeper. I was directed to keep close beside them, and accommodated for the purpose with a troop-horse. We were as closely surrounded by the soldiers as the width of the road would permit, and had always at least one, if not two, on each side with pistol in hand. Andrew Fairservice, furnished with a Highland pony of which they had made prey somewhere or other, was permitted to ride among the other domestics, of whom a great number attended the line of march, though without falling into the ranks of the more regularly trained troopers.

In this manner we travelled for a certain distance, until we arrived at a place where we also were to cross the river. The Forth, as being the outlet of a lake, is of considerable depth, even

where less important in point of width, and the descent to the ford was by a broken precipitous ravine, which only permitted one horseman to descend at once. The rear and centre of our small body halting on the bank, while the front files passed down in succession, produced a considerable delay, as is usual on such occasions, and even some confusion ; for a number of those riders who made no proper part of the squadron crowded to the ford without regularity, and made the militia cavalry, although tolerably well drilled, partake in some degree of their own disorder.

It was while we were thus huddled together on the bank that I heard Rob Roy whisper to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback, “ Your father, Ewan, wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles, like a calf, for a’ the dukes in Christendom.”

Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged, as one who would express by that sign that what he was doing was none of his own choice.

“ And when the MacGregors come down the glen, and ye see toom faulds, a bluidy hearthstane, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o’ your house, ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob to the fore, you would have had that safe which it will make your heart sair to lose.”

Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent.

"It's a sair thing," continued Rob, sliding his insinuations so gently into Ewan's ear that they reached no other but mine, who certainly saw myself in no shape called upon to destroy his prospects of escape—"it's a sair thing that Ewan of Brigglands, whom Roy MacGregor has helped with hand, sword, and purse, suld mind a gloom from a great man mair than a friend's life."

Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. We heard the Duke's voice from the opposite bank call, "Bring over the prisoner."

Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as I heard Roy say, "Never weigh a MacGregor's bluid against a broken whang o' leather, for there will be another accounting to gie for it baith here and hereafter," they passed me hastily, and, dashing forward rather precipitately, entered the water.

"Not yet, sir—not yet," said some of the troopers to me, as I was about to follow, while others pressed forward into the stream.

I saw the Duke on the other side, by the waning light, engaged in commanding his people to get into order, as they landed dispersedly, some higher, some lower. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash warned me that MacGregor's eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him freedom and a chance for life. The Duke also heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning.

“Dog !” he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, “where is your prisoner ?” and, without waiting to hear the apology which the terrified vassal began to falter forth, he fired a pistol at his head, whether fatally I know not, and exclaimed, “Gentlemen, disperse and pursue the villain. An hundred guineas for him that secures Rob Roy !”

All became an instant scene of the most lively confusion. Rob Roy, disengaged from his bonds, doubtless by Ewan’s slipping the buckle of his belt, had dropped off at the horse’s tail, and instantly dived, passing under the belly of the troop-horse which was on his left hand. But as he was obliged to come to the surface an instant for air, the glimpse of his tartan plaid drew the attention of the troopers, some of whom plunged into the river with a total disregard to their own safety, rushing, according to the expression of their country, through pool and stream, sometimes swimming their horses, sometimes losing them and struggling for their own lives. Others less zealous, or more prudent, broke off in different directions, and galloped up and down the banks, to watch the places at which the fugitive might possibly land. The hallooing, the whooping, the calls for aid at different points, where they saw, or conceived they saw, some vestige of him they were seeking ; the frequent report of pistols and carbines, fired at every object which excited the least suspicion ; the sight of so many horsemen riding

about, in and out of the river, and striking with their long broadswords at whatever excited their attention, joined to the vain exertions used by their officers to restore order and regularity ; and all this in so wild a scene, and visible only by the imperfect twilight of an autumn evening, made the most extraordinary hubbub I had hitherto witnessed. I was indeed left alone to observe it, for our whole cavalcade had dispersed in pursuit, or at least to see the event of the search. Indeed, as I partly suspected at the time, and afterwards learned with certainty, many of those who seemed most active in their attempts to waylay and recover the fugitive, were, in actual truth, least desirous that he should be taken, and only joined in the cry to increase the general confusion, and to give Rob Roy a better opportunity of escaping.

Escape, indeed, was not difficult for a swimmer so expert as the freebooter, as soon as he had eluded the first burst of pursuit. At one time he was closely pressed, and several blows were made which flashed in the water around him ; the scene much resembling one of the otter-hunts which I had seen at Osbaldestone Hall, where the animal is detected by the hounds from his being necessitated to put his nose above the stream to vent or breathe, while he is enabled to elude them by getting under water again so soon as he has refreshed himself by respiration. MacGregor, however, had a trick beyond the otter ;

for he contrived, when very closely pursued, to disengage himself unobserved from his plaid, and suffer it to float down the stream, where in its progress it quickly attracted general attention; many of the horsemen were thus put upon a false scent, and several shots or stabs were averted from the party for whom they were designed.

Once fairly out of view, the recovery of the prisoner became almost impossible, since in so many places the river was rendered inaccessible by the steepness of its banks, or the thickets of alders, poplars, and birch, which, overhanging its banks, prevented the approach of horsemen. Errors and accidents had also happened among the pursuers, whose task the approaching night rendered every moment more hopeless. Some got themselves involved in the eddies of the stream and required the assistance of their companions to save them from drowning. Others, hurt by shots or blows in the confused *mélée*, implored help or threatened vengeance, and in one or two instances such accidents led to actual strife. The trumpets, therefore, sounded the retreat, announcing that the commanding officer, with whatever unwillingness, had for the present relinquished hopes of the important prize which had thus unexpectedly escaped his grasp, and the troopers began slowly, reluctantly, and brawling with each other as they returned, again to assume their ranks. I could see them darkening as they formed on the southern

bank of the river, whose murmurs, long drowned by the louder cries of vengeful pursuit, were now heard hoarsely mingling with the deep, discontented and reproachful voices of the disappointed horse-men.

From *Rob Roy*, by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE

MR. PICKWICK found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal ; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare, and the appetites of its consumers.

“ Now, about Manor Farm,” said Mr. Pickwick.
“ How shall we go ? ”

“ We had better consult the waiter, perhaps,” said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

“ Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-chaise, sir ? ”

“ Post-chaise won’t hold more than two,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“ True, sir—beg your pardon, sir.—Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh ! beg your pardon, sir—that’ll only hold three.”

“ What’s to be done ? ” said Mr. Snodgrass.

“ Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir ? ” suggested the waiter, looking toward Mr. Winkle ; “ very good saddle horses, sir—any

of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, holding by the

bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir?—He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgross got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'l'm'n the ribbins." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo-o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo-o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'l'm'n," said the head hostler encouragingly; "just kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'l'm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler,—"Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise; and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either

this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it looks very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow."

Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length

succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle, soothingly—"poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get near him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheeling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory state of things under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a con-

siderable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle.
"Do come, and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving

Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonised Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze on the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was, to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

From *Pickwick Papers*, by CHARLES DICKENS.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch, as the gate-bolt
undrew ;
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Re-buckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew
near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be ;

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS 33

And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,

So, Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back,

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ,

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris,
" Stay spur !

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix "—for one heard the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble
like chaff ;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! "—and all in a moment
his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let
fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer ;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground :

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS 35

And no voice bat was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had
none,

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for
stone,

He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
“ O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”

" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
" Now tread we a measure ! " said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
 stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
 scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the
 Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE FIRST RIDE

AND it came to pass that, as I was standing by the door of the barrack stable, one of the grooms came out to me, saying, "I say, young gentleman, I wish you would give the cob a breathing this fine morning."

"Why do you wish me to mount him?" said I; "you know he is dangerous. I saw him fling you off his back only a few days ago."

"Why, that's the very thing, master. I'd rather see anybody on his back than myself; he does not like me; but to them he does, he can be as gentle as a lamb."

"But suppose," said I, "that he should not like me?"

"We shall soon see that, master," said the groom; "and if so be he shows temper, I will be the first to tell you to get down. But there's no fear of that; you have never angered or insulted him, and to such as you, I say again, he'll be as gentle as a lamb."

"And how came you to insult him," said I, "knowing his temper as you do?"

"Merely through forgetfulness, master. I was riding him about a month ago, and having a stick in my hand I struck him, thinking I was on another

horse, or, rather, thinking of nothing at all. He has never forgiven me, though before that time he was the only friend I had in the world ; I should like to see you on him, master."

" I should soon be off him ; I can't ride."

" Then you are all right, master ; there's no fear. Trust him for not hurting a young gentleman, an officer's son, who can't ride. If you were a black-guard dragoon, indeed, with long spurs, 'twere another thing ; as it is, he'll treat you as if he were the elder brother that loves you. Ride ! he'll soon teach you to ride if you leave the matter to him. He's the best riding-master in all Ireland, and the gentlest."

The cob was led forth. What a tremendous creature ! I had frequently seen him before, and wondered at him ; he was barely fifteen hands, but he had the girth of a Metropolitan dray-horse ; his head was small in comparison with his immense neck, which curved down nobly to his wide back ; his chest was broad and fine, and his shoulders models of symmetry and strength ; he stood well and powerfully upon his legs, which were somewhat short. In a word, he was a gallant specimen of the genuine Irish cob, a species at one time not uncommon, but at the present day nearly extinct.

" There !" said the groom, as he looked at him half admiringly, half sorrowfully ; " with sixteen stone on his back, he'll trot fourteen miles in one hour, with your nine stone, some two and a half

more—ay, and clear a six-foot wall at the end of it."

"I'm half afraid," said I ; "I had rather you would ride him."

"I'd rather so, too, if he would let me ; but he remembers the blow. Now don't be afraid, young master, he's longing to go out himself. He's been trampling with his feet these three days, and I know what that means ; he'll let anybody ride him but myself, and thank them, but to me he says 'No, you struck me ! ' "

"But," said I, "where's the saddle ? "

"Never mind the saddle ; if you are ever to be a frank rider you must begin without a saddle ; besides, if he felt a saddle, he would think you don't trust him, and leave you to yourself. Now, before you mount, make his acquaintance. See, there, how he kisses you and licks your face, and see how he lifts his foot—that's to shake hands. You may trust him now you are on his back at last. Mind how you hold the bridle—gently, gently! It's not four pair hands like yours can hold him if he wishes to be off. Mind what I tell you—leave it all to him."

Off went the cob at a slow and gentle trot, too fast, however, for so inexperienced a rider. I soon felt myself sliding off ; the animal perceived it, too, and instantly stood stone still till I had righted myself. And now the groom came up : "When you feel yourself going," said he, "don't lay hold

of the mane ; that's no use ; mane never yet saved man from falling, no more than straw from drowning ; it's his sides you must cling to with your calves and feet, till you learn to balance yourself. That's it, now abroad with you. I'll bet my comrade a pot of beer that you'll be a regular rough-rider by the time you come back."

And so it proved ; I followed the directions of the groom, and the cob gave me every assistance. How easy is riding after the first timidity is got over to supple and youthful limbs, and there is no second fear ! The creature soon found that the nerves of his rider were in proper tone. Turning his head half round he made a kind of whining noise, flung out a little foam, and set off.

In less than two hours I had made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain, and was returning along the road bathed in perspiration, but screaming with delight ; the cob laughing in his equine way, scattering foam and pebbles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

Oh, that ride ! that first ride ! Most truly it was an epoch in my existence, and I still look back to it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first love—it is a very agreeable event, I dare say—but give me the flush and triumph and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob ! My whole frame was shaken, it is true, and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand ; but what of that ? By that

one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints, after that first ride round the Devil's Hill on the cob.

Oh, that cob ! that Irish cob ! May the sod lie lightly over the bones of the strongest, speediest and most gallant of its kind !

From *Lavengro*, by GEORGE BORROW.

HOW HEREWARD SLEW THE BEAR

As Hereward was coming in one afternoon from hunting, hawk on fist, with Martin Lightfoot trotting behind, crane and heron, duck and hare, slung over his shoulder, on reaching the courtyard gates he was aware of screams and shouts within, tumult and terror among man and beast. Hereward tried to force his horse in at the gate. The beast stopped and turned, snorting with fear ; and no wonder ; for in the midst of the courtyard stood the Fairy Bear ; his white mane bristled up till he seemed twice as big as any of the sober brown bears which Hereward yet had seen : his long snake neck and cruel visage wreathing about in search of prey. A dead horse, its back broken by a single blow of the paw, and two or three writhing dogs, showed that the beast had turned (like too many of his human kindred in those days) ‘Berserker.’ The courtyard was utterly empty ; but from the ladies’ bower came shrieks and shouts, not only of women but of men ; and knocking at the bower door, adding her screams to those inside, was a little white figure, which Hereward recognised as Alftruda’s. They had barricaded themselves inside, leaving the child out ; and now dared not open the door, as the bear swung and

rolled towards it, looking savagely right and left for a fresh victim.

Hereward leaped from his horse, and drawing his sword, rushed forward with a shout which made the bear turn round.

He looked once back at the child ; then round again at Hereward : and making up his mind to take the largest morsel first, made straight at him with a growl which there was no mistaking.

He was within two paces ; then he rose on his hind legs, a head and shoulders taller than Hereward, and lifted the iron talons high in air. Hereward knew that there was but one spot at which to strike ; and he struck true and strong, before the iron paw could fall, right on the muzzle of the monster.

He heard the dull crash of the steel ; he felt the sword jammed tight. He shut his eyes for an instant, fearing lest, as in dreams, his blow had come to nought ; lest his sword had turned aside, or melted like water in his hand, and the next moment would find him crushed to earth, blinded and stunned. Something tugged at his sword. He opened his eyes, and saw the huge carcase bend, reel, roll slowly over to one side, dead, tearing out of his hand the sword which was firmly fixed into the skull.

Hereward stood awhile staring at the beast like a man astonished at what he himself had done. He had had his first adventure, and he had con-

quered. He was now a champion in his own right—a hero of the heroes—one who might take rank, if he went on, beside Beowulf, Frotho, Ragnar Lodbrog or Harold Hardraade. He had done this deed. What was there after this which he might not do ? And he stood there in the fulness of his pride, defiant of earth and heaven, while in his heart arose the thought of that old Viking who cried, in the pride of his godlessness, “ I never on earth met him whom I feared, and why should I fear him in heaven ? If I met Odin I would fight with Odin. If Odin were the stronger he would slay me: if I were the stronger I would slay him.”

From *Hereward the Wake*, by CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PIECE OF LACE

As a proof of how thoroughly we had forgotten that we were in the presence of one who might have sat down to tea with a coronet, instead of a cap, on her head, Mrs. Forrester related a curious little fact to Lady Glenmire—an anecdote known to the circle of her intimate friends, but of which even Mrs. Jamieson was not aware. It related to some fine old lace, the sole relic of better days, which Lady Glenmire was admiring on Mrs. Forrester's collar.

"Yes," said that lady, "such lace cannot be got now for either love or money; made by the nuns abroad they tell me. They say that they can't make it now, even there. But perhaps they can now they've passed the Catholic Emancipation Bill. I should not wonder. But, in the meantime, I treasure up my lace very much. I daren't even trust the washing of it to my maid. . . . I always wash it myself. And once it had a narrow escape. Of course, your ladyship knows that such lace must never be starched or ironed. Some people wash it in sugar and water; and some in coffee, to make it the right yellow colour; but I myself have a very good receipt for washing it in milk, which stiffens it enough, and gives it a very good

creamy colour. Well, ma'am, I had tacked it together (and the beauty of this fine lace is, that when it is wet, it goes into a very little space), and put it to soak in milk, when, unfortunately, I left the room ; on my return, I found pussy on the table, looking very like a thief, but gulping very uncomfortably, as if she was half-choked with something she wanted to swallow, and could not. And would you believe it ? At first I pitied her, and said, ‘ Poor pussy ! poor pussy ! ’ till, all at once, I looked and saw the cup of milk empty—cleaned out ! ‘ You naughty cat ! ’ said I ; and I believe I was provoked enough to give her a slap, which did no good, but only helped the lace down—just as one slaps a choking child on the back. I could have cried, I was so vexed ; but I determined I would not give the lace up without a struggle for it. I hoped the lace might disagree with her, at any rate ; but it would have been too much for Job, if he had seen, as I did, that cat come in, quite placid and purring, not a quarter of an hour after, and almost expecting to be stroked. ‘ No, pussy ! ’ said I ; ‘ if you have any conscience you ought not to expect that ! ’ And then a thought struck me ; and I rang the bell for my maid, and sent her to Mr. Hoggins, with my compliments, and would he be kind enough to lend me one of his top-boots for an hour ? I did not think there was anything odd in the message ; but Jenny said the young men

in the surgery laughed as if they would be ill at my wanting a top-boot. When it came, Jenny and I put pussy in, with her fore-feet straight down, so that they were fastened, and could not scratch, and we gave her a teaspoonful of currant-jelly, in which (your ladyship must excuse me) I had mixed some tartar emetic. I shall never forget how anxious I was for the next half-hour. I took pussy to my own room, and spread a clean towel on the floor. I could have kissed her when she returned the lace to sight, very much as it had gone down. Jenny had boiling water ready, and we soaked it and soaked it, and spread it on a lavender-bush in the sun, before I could touch it again, even to put it in milk. But now your ladyship would never guess that it had been in pussy's inside."

From *Cranford*, by MRS. GASKELL.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.

We made an expedition,
We met a host and quelled it ;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
We met them, and o'erthrew them,
They struggled hard to beat us ;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The King marched forth to catch us ;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars.
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewild'ring,
Spilt blood enough to swim in ;
We orphaned many children.
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen ;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Edynfed, king of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER

As the sun declined, Gerard's heart too sank and sank ; with the waning light even the embers of hope went out. He was faint, too, with hunger ; for he was afraid to eat the food Ghysbrecht had brought him ; and hunger alone cows men. He sat upon the chest, his arms and his head drooping before him, a picture of despondency. Suddenly something struck the wall beyond him very sharply, and then rattled on the floor at his feet. It was an arrow ; he saw the white feather. A chill ran through him—they meant then to assassinate him from the outside. He crouched. No more missiles came. He crawled on all fours and took up the arrow ; there was no head to it. He uttered a cry of hope : had a friendly hand shot it ? He took it up, and felt it all over : he found a soft substance attached to it. Then one of his eccentricities was of grand use to him. His tinder-box enabled him to strike a light : it showed him two things that made his heart bound with delight, none the less thrilling for being somewhat vague. Attached to the arrow was a skein of silk, and on the arrow itself were words written.

How his eyes devoured them, his heart panting the while !

Well beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife
and lower it to us : but hold thine end fast : then
count an hundred and draw up.

Gerard seized the oak chest, and with almost superhuman energy dragged it to the window ; a moment ago he could not have moved it. Standing on the chest and looking down, he saw figures at the tower foot. They were so indistinct, they looked like one huge form. He waved his bonnet to them with trembling hand : then he undid the silk rapidly but carefully, and made one end fast to his knife and lowered it till it ceased to draw. Then he counted a hundred. Then pulled the silk carefully up : it came up a little heavier. At last he came to a large knot, and by that knot a stout whipcord was attached to the silk. What could this mean ? While he was puzzling himself Margaret's voice came up to him, low but clear : "Draw up, Gerard, till you see liberty." At the word Gerard drew the whipcord line up, and drew and drew until he came to another knot, and found a cord of some thickness take the place of the whipcord. He had no sooner begun to draw this up, than he found he had now a heavy weight to deal with. Then the truth suddenly flashed on him, and he went to work and pulled and pulled till the perspiration rolled down him : the weight got heavier and heavier, and at last he was well-nigh exhausted : looking down he saw in the

moonlight a sight that revived him : it was as it were a great snake coming up to him out of the deep shadow cast by the tower. He gave a shout of joy, and a score more wild pulls, and lo ! a stout new rope touched his hand : he hauled and hauled, and dragged the end into his prison, and instantly passed it through both handles of the chest in succession, and knotted it firmly ; then sat for a moment to recover his breath and collect his courage. The first thing was to make sure that the chest was sound, and capable of resisting his weight poised in mid-air. He jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side burst open, and out scuttled the contents, a host of parchments.

After the first start and misgiving this gave him, Gerard comprehended that the chest had not burst, but opened : he had doubtless jumped upon some secret spring. Still it shook in some degree his confidence in the chest's power of resistance ; so he gave it an ally : he took the iron bar and fastened it with the small rope across the large rope, and across the window. He now mounted the chest, and from the chest put his foot through the window, and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. In the silent night he heard his own heart beat.

The free air breathed on his face, and gave him the courage to risk what we must all love one day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the

greatest was the first getting on to the rope outside. Gerard reflected. Finally, he put himself in the attitude of a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he felt anxiously with his feet for the outside rope, and when he had got it, he worked it in between the palms of his feet, and kept it there tight : then he uttered a short prayer, and, all the calmer for it, put his left hand on the sill and gradually wriggled out. Then he seized the iron bar, and for one fearful moment hung outside from it by his right hand, while his left hand felt for the rope down at his knees ; it was too tight against the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up. The moment he had fairly grasped it, he left the bar, and swiftly seized the rope with the right hand too ; but in this manœuvre his body necessarily fell about a yard. A stifled cry came up from below. Gerard hung in mid-air. He clenched his teeth, and nipped the rope tight with his feet and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly hand below hand. He passed by one huge rough stone after another. He saw there was green moss on one. He looked up and he looked down. The moon shone into his prison window : it seemed very near. The fluttering figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down : so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

He passed a rusty, slimy streak on the wall : it was some ten feet long. The rope made his hands very hot. He stole another look up.

The prison window was a good way off now.

Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sore.

He looked up. The window was so distant, he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again ; and there, not more than thirty feet below him, were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands upstretched to catch him should he fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine in the moonlight. For their mouths were open, and they were breathing hard.

“ Take care, Gerard ! oh, take care ! Look not down.”

“ Fear me not,” cried Gerard joyfully, and eyed the wall, but came down faster.

In another minute his feet were at their hands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and all three clung together in one embrace.

From *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by CHARLES READE.

THE TRIANGULAR DUEL

"MR. GASCOIGNE," said the gunner, "I have been very much puzzled how this duel should be fought, but I have at last found it out. You see that there are three parties to fight ; had there been two or four there would have been no difficulty, as the right line or square might guide us in that instance ; but we must arrange it upon the triangle in this."

Gascoigne stared ; he could not imagine what was coming.

"Are you aware, Mr. Gascoigne, of the properties of an equilateral triangle ? "

"Yes," replied the midshipman, "that it has three equal sides—but what has that to do with the duel ? "

"Everything, Mr. Gascoigne," replied the gunner ; "it has resolved the great difficulty : indeed, the duel between three can only be fought upon that principle. You observe," said the gunner, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and making a triangle on the table, "in this figure we have three points, each equidistant from each other ; and we have three combatants—so that, placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three : Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, the boatswain

here, and the purser's steward at the third corner. Now, if the distance is fairly measured, it will be all right."

"But then," replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, "how are they to fire?"

"It certainly is not of much consequence," replied the gunner, "but still, as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with the sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy; so that you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another."

Gascoigne was in ecstasies at the novelty of the proceeding, the more so as he perceived that Easy obtained every advantage by the arrangement.

"Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you great credit; you have a profound mathematical head, and I am delighted with your arrangement. Of course, in these affairs, the principals are bound to comply with the arrangements of the seconds, and I shall insist upon Mr. Easy consenting to your excellent and scientific proposal."

Gascoigne went out, and pulling Jack away from the monkey, told him what the gunner had proposed, at which Jack laughed heartily.

The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied—

"I dare say it's all right—shot for shot, and d—n all favours."

The parties then repaired to the spot with two pairs of ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and, as soon as they were on the ground, the gunner called Mr. Easthupp out of the cooperage. In the meantime, Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces—and marked it out. Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and finding that it was "equal angles subtended by equal sides," declared that it was all right. Easy took his station, the boatswain was put into his, and Mr. Easthupp, who was quite in a mystery, was led by the gunner to the third position.

"But, Mr. Tallboys," said the purser's steward, "I don't understand this. Mr. Easy will first fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?"

"No," replied the gunner, "this is a duel of three. You will fire at Mr. Easy, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged, Mr. Easthupp."

"But," said Mr. Easthupp, "I do not understand it. Why is Mr. Biggs to fire at me? I have no quarrel with Mr. Biggs."

"Because Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs must have his shot as well."

"If you have ever been in the company of gentlemen, Mr. Easthupp," observed Gascoigne, "you must know something about duelling."

"Yes, yes, I've kept the best company, Mr.

Gascoigne, and I can give a gentleman satisfaction ; but——”

“ Then, sir, if that is the case, you must know that your honour is in the hands of your second, and that no gentleman appeals.”

“ Yes, yes, I know that, Mr. Gascoigne ; but still I’ve no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and therefore, Mr. Biggs, of course you will not aim at me.”

“ Why you don’t think that I am going to be fired at for nothing,” replied the boatswain ; “ no, no I’ll have my shot anyhow.”

“ But at your friend, Mr. Biggs ? ”

“ All the same, I shall fire at somebody ; shot for shot, and hit the luckiest.”

“ Well, gentlemen, I purtest against these proceedings,” replied Mr. Easthupp ; “ I came here to have satisfaction from Mr. Easy, and not to be fired at by Mr. Biggs.”

“ Don’t you have satisfaction when you fire at Mr. Easy,” replied the gunner ; “ what more would you have ? ”

“ I purtest against Mr. Biggs firing at me.”

“ So you would have a shot without receiving one,” cried Gascoigne : “ the fact is, that this fellow’s a confounded coward, and ought to be kicked into the cooperage again.”

At this affront Mr. Easthupp rallied, and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

“ You ear those words, Mr. Biggs ; pretty language to use to a gentleman. You shall ear

from me sir, as soon as the ship is paid off. I purtest no longer, Mr. Tallboys ; death before dishonour ; I'm a gentleman ! ”

At all events, the swell was not a very courageous gentleman, for he trembled most exceedingly as he pointed his pistol.

The gunner gave the word, as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

“ Cock your locks ! ”—“ Take good aim at the object ! ”—“ Fire ! ”—“ Stop your vents ! ”

The only one of the combatants who appeared to comply with the latter supplementary order was Mr. Eastlupp, who clapped his hand to his trousers behind, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down ; the bullet having passed clean through his seat of honour, from his having presented his broadside as a target to the boatswain as he faced towards our hero. Jack's shot had also taken effect, having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without further mischief than extracting two of his best upper double teeth, and forcing through the hole of the further cheek the boatswain's own quid of tobacco. As for Mr. Easthupp's ball, as he was very unsettled, and shut his eyes before he fired, it had gone the Lord knows where.

The purser's steward lay on the ground and screamed—the boatswain spit his double teeth and two or three mouthfuls of blood out, and then threw down his pistols in a rage.

“ A pretty business,” sputtered he ; “ he's

62 NINETEENTH CENTURY MISCELLANY

put my pipe out. How am I to pipe to dinner when I'm ordered, all my wind 'scaping through the cheeks? "

In the meantime, the others had gone to the assistance of the purser's steward, who continued his vociferations. They examined him, and considered a wound in that part not to be dangerous.

From *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, by CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

SHAMEFUL DEATH

There were four of us about that bed ;
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head
Over his feet lay the bride ;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit pass'd away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely grey.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here ;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow.
A path right hard to find,

For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinion'd fast,
Sir John the knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turn'd grey,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly pass'd.
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the fen.
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

W. MORRIS.

THE LANTERN BEARERS

TOWARD the end of September, when school-time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain ; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigour of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin ; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers ; their use was naught ; the pleasure of them merely fanciful ; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint ; but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them at that ; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have some haunting thoughts of ; and we had certainly an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, and to

certain story-books in which we had found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive ; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat good enough for us.

When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious "Have you got your lantern ?" and a gratified "Yes !" That was the shibboleth, and very needful too ; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognise a lantern-bearer, unless (like the polecat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them—for the cabin was usually locked, or choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eyes discovered ; and in the chequering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich steam of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight themselves with inappropriate talk. Woe is me that I may not give some specimens—some of their fore sights of life, or deep inquiries into the rudiments of man and nature, these were so fiery and so innocent, they were so richly silly, so romantically young. But the talk, at any rate, was but a condiment ; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the

career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night ; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned ; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public : a mere pillar of darkness in the dark ; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

From *Across the Plains*, by R. L. STEVENSON.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

"Now to Farmer Shinar's, and then replenish our insides, father," said the tranter.

"Wi' all my heart," said old William, shouldering his bass-viol.

Farmer Shinar's was a queer lump of a house, standing at the corner of a lane that ran obliquely into the principal thoroughfare. The upper windows were much wider than they were high, and this feature, together with a broad bay-window where the door might have been expected, gave it by day the aspect of a human countenance turned askance, and wearing a sly and wicked leer. To-night nothing was visible but the outline of the roof upon the sky.

The front of this building was reached, and the preliminaries arranged as usual.

"Forty breaths, and number thirty-two—'Behold the morning star,'" said old William.

They had reached the end of the second verse, and the fiddlers were doing the up bow-stroke previously to pouring forth the opening chord of the third verse, when, without a light appearing or any signal being given, a roaring voice exclaimed:

"Shut up! Don't make your blaring row here.

A feller wi' a headache enough to split likes a quiet night."

Slam went the window.

"Hullo, that's an ugly blow for we artists!" said the tranter, in a keenly appreciative voice, and turning to his companions.

"Finish the carrel, all who be friends of harmony!" said old William commandingly; and they continued to the end.

"Forty breaths, and number nineteen!" said William firmly. "Give it him well; the choir can't be insulted in this manner!"

A light now flashed into existence, the window opened, and the farmer stood revealed as one in a terrific passion.

"Drown en!—drown en!" the tranter cried, fiddling frantically. "Play fortissimy, and drown his spaking!"

"Fortissimy!" said Michael Mail, and the music and singing waxed so loud that it was impossible to know what Mr. Shinar had said, was saying, or was about to say; but wildly flinging his arms and body about in the form of capital X's and Y's, he appeared to utter enough invectives to consign the whole parish to perdition.

"Very unseemly—very!" said old William, as they retired. "Never such a dreadful scene in the whole round o' my carrel practice—never! And he a church-warden!"

"Only a drap o' drink got into his head," said

the tranter. " Man's well enough when he's in his religious frame. He's in his worldly frame now. Must ask en to our bit of a party tomorrer night, I suppose, and so put en in track again. We bear no martel man ill-will."

They now crossed Twenty-acres to proceed to the lower village, and met Voss with the hot mead and bread-and-cheese as they were crossing the churchyard. This determined them to eat and drink before proceeding farther, and they entered the belfry. The lanterns were opened, and the whole body sat round against the walls on benches and whatever else was available, and made a hearty meal. In the pauses of conversation could be heard through the floor overhead a little world of undertones and creaks from the halting clock-work, which never spread farther than the tower they were born in, and raised in the more meditative minds a fancy that here lay the direct pathway of Time.

From *Under the Greenwood Tree*, by THOMAS HARDY.

THE CALL OF BEAUTY

THE NATURE LOVER

Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

From *Tintern Abbey*, by WM. WORDSWORTH.

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man :
 And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

DAFFODILS

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils ;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretch'd in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

BEAUTY AMONG THE LAKES

Grasmere, Thursday, March 5, 1802.

Rydal Vale was full of life and emotion. The wind blew briskly, and the lake was covered all over with bright silver waves that were there each the twinkling of an eye, then others rose up and took their place as fast as they went away. The rocks glittered in the sunshine. The crows and the ravens were busy, and the thrushes and the little birds sang. . . . As we came along Ambleside Vale in the twilight it was a grave evening. There was something in the air that compelled me to various thoughts—the hills were large, closed in by the sky. . . . Night was come on, and the moon was over-cast. But, as I climbed the moss, the moon came out from behind a mountain mass of black clouds. Oh, the unutterable darkness of the sky, and the earth below the moon, and the glorious brightness of the moon itself! There was a vivid, sparkling streak of light at this end of Rydale water, but the rest was very dark, and Loughrigg Fell and Silver How were white and bright, as if they were covered with hoar-frost. The moon retired again, and appeared and disappeared several times before I reached home. Once there was no moonlight to

be seen but upon the island-house and the promontory of the island where it stands. . . . I had many very exquisite feelings, and when I saw this lonely building in the waters, among the dark and lofty hills, with that bright, soft light upon it, it made me more than half a poet.

From *Journals*, by DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

From *INVOCATION*

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
And the starry night ;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery

P. B. SHELLEY.

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead ;
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
 beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of Heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine aëry nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the Moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strown ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my
chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursing of the Sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

P. B. SHELLEY.

THOUGHTS BY THE TUMULUS

How many words it has taken to describe so briefly the feelings and the thoughts that came to me by the tumulus ; thoughts that swept past and were gone, and were succeeded by others while yet the shadow of the mound had not moved from one thyme-flower to another, not the breadth of a grass-blade. Softly breathed the sweet south wind, gently the yellow corn waved beneath ; the ancient, ancient sun shone on the fresh grass and the flower, my heart opened wide as the broad, broad earth. I spread my arms out, laying them on the sward, seizing the grass, to take the fulness of the days. Could I have my own way after death I would be burned on a pyre of pine-wood, open to

the air, and placed on the summit of the hills. Then let my ashes be scattered abroad—not collected in an urn—freely sown wide and broadcast. That is the natural interment of man—of man whose Thought at least has been among the immortals ; interment in the elements. Burial is not enough, it does not give sufficient solution into the elements speedily ; a furnace is confined. The high open air of the topmost hill, there let the tawny flame lick up the fragment called the body ; there cast the ashes into the space it longed for while living. Such a luxury of interment is only for the wealthy ; I fear I shall not be able to afford it. Else the smoke of my resolution into the elements should certainly arise in time on the hill-top.

The silky grass sighs as the wind comes carrying the blue butterfly more rapidly than his wings. A large humble-bee burrs round the green dome against which I rest ; my hands are scented with thyme. The sweetness of the day, the fulness of the earth, the bounteous earth, how shall I say it ?

From *The Story of My Heart*, by RICHARD JEFFERIES.

NATURE AND ART

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife :
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear
Of his strange language : all I know :
Is, there is not a word of fear.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FIVE PICTURES OF SUNRISE

MAGNIFICENT

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light ;

And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.

From *The Prelude*, by WM. WORDSWORTH.

II

DAWN

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field :

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume.

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said,

“ The dawn, the dawn,” and died away ;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

From *In Memoriam*, by LORD TENNYSON.

III

DAY !

Day !

Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last :
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away ;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole Sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then over-
flowed the world.

From *Pippa Passes*, by ROBERT BROWNING.

IV

DAWN

THIS lane of pine-trees ran very rapidly down-hill and wound among the woods ; but it was a wider thoroughfare than the brook needed, and here and there were little dimpling lawns and coves

of the forest, where the starshine slumbered. Such a lawn she paced, taking patience bravely ; and now she looked up the hill and saw the brook coming down to her in a series of cascades ; and now approached the margin, where it welled among the rushes silently ; and now gazed at the great company of heaven with an enduring wonder. The early evening had fallen chill, but the night was now temperate ; out of the recesses of the wood there came mild airs as from a deep and peaceful breathing ; and the dew was heavy on the grass and the tight-shut daisies. This was the girl's first night under the naked heaven ; and now that her fears were overpast, she was touched to the soul by its serene amenity and peace. Kindly the host of heaven blinked down upon that wandering Princess ; and the honest brook had no words but to encourage her.

At last she began to be aware of a wonderful revolution, compared to which the fire of Mittwalden Palace was but the crack and flash of a percussion-cap. The countenance with which the pines regarded her began insensibly to change ; the grass too, short as it was, and the whole winding staircase of the brook's course, began to wear a solemn freshness of appearance. And this slow transfiguration reached her heart, and played upon it, and transpierced it with a serious thrill. She looked all about ; the whole face of nature looked back, brimful of meaning, finger on lip, leaking its

glad secret. She looked up. Heaven was almost emptied of stars. Such as still lingered shone with a changed and waning brightness, and began to faint in their stations. And the colour of the sky itself was the most wonderful ; for the rich blue of the night had now melted and softened and brightened ; and there had succeeded in its place a hue that has no name, and that is never seen but as the herald of morning. “O !” she cried, joy catching at her voice, “O ! it is the dawn !”

In a breath she passed over the brook, and looped up her skirts and fairly ran in the dim alleys. As she ran, her ears were aware of many pipings, more beautiful than music ; in the small dish-shaped houses in the fork of giant arms, where they had lain all night, lover by lover, warmly pressed, the bright-eyed, big-hearted singers began to awaken for the day. Her heart melted and flowed forth to them in kindness. And they, from their small and high perches in the clerestories of the wood cathedral, peered down sidelong at the ragged Princess as she flitted below them on the carpet of the moss and tassel.

Soon she had struggled to a certain hill-top, and saw far before her the silent in-flooding of the day. Out of the East it welled and whitened ; and darkness trembled into light ; and the stars were extinguished like the street-lamps of a human city. The whiteness brightened into silver, the

silver warmed into gold, the gold kindled into pure and living fire ; and the face of the East was barred with elemental scarlet. The day drew its first long breath, steady and chill ; and for leagues around the woods sighed and shivered. . . .

From *Prince Otto*, by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A SUNRISE IN THE ALPS

"AND then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning ; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains like mighty serpents, with scales of fire ; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning ; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven ; the rose light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer beams through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels ; and then, when you look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered his message unto men !

JOHN RUSKIN.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe, or the dales of Arcady ?
What men or gods are these ? What maidens
loath ?
What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter : therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !-

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting, and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing in the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul, to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

J. KEATS.

THE POWER OF POETRY

THE grand power of poetry is its interpretative power ; by which I mean, not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them. When this sense is awakened in us, as to objects without us, we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects, to be no longer bewildered and oppressed by them, but to have their secret, and to be in harmony with them ; and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can. Poetry, indeed, interprets in another way besides this ; but one way of its two ways of interpreting, of exercising its highest power, is by awakening this sense in us. I will not now inquire whether this sense is illusive, whether it can be proved not to be illusive, whether it does absolutely make us possess the real nature of things ; all I say is, that poetry can awaken it in us, and that to awaken it is one of the highest powers of poetry. The interpretations of science do not give us this intimate sense of objects as the interpretations of poetry give it ; they appeal to a limited faculty, and not to the whole man. It

is not Linnæus, or Cavendish, or Cuvier who gives us the true sense of animals, or water, or plants, who seizes their secret for us, who makes us participate in their life ; it is Shakespeare with his

“ daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; ”

it is Wordsworth, with his

“ voice . . . heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides ; ”

it is Keats, with his

“ moving waters at their priestlike task
Of cold ablution round Earth’s human shores.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

W. WORDSWORTH

THE REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird.
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

W.M. WORDSWORTH.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoof of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river ;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on shore sat the great god Pan,
 While turbidly flowed the river ;
 And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
 With his hard bleak steel, at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
 (How tall it stood in the river !),
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 And notched the poor dry empty thing
 In holes, as he sate by the river.

“ This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan
 (Laughed while he sate by the river),
 “ The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed.”
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
 Piercing sweet by the river !
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man :
 The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
 For the reed which grows never more again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

A DAMSEL WITH A DULCIMER

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw ;
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she play'd,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,

 That with music loud and long
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

N.C.M.

D

ODE

We are the music makers,
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
 And sitting by desolate streams ;—
 World-losers and world-forsakers,
 On whom the pale moon gleams :
 Yet we are the movers and shakers
 Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
 We build up the world's great cities,
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory :
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
 And three with a new song's measure
 Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth,
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself in our mirth ;
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth ;
 For each age is a dream that is dying,
 Or one that is coming to birth.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

WAYFARERS AND TRAVELLERS

ON GOING A JOURNEY

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey ; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room ; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude ; nor do I ask for

a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments

and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing space to muse on indifferent matters, where contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like sunken wrack and sumless treasures, burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence.

No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do ; but I sometimes had rather be without them. Leave, oh leave me to my repose ! I have just now other business in hand which would seem idle to you, but is with me very stuff o' the conscience. Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment ? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald ?

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the by-way nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river—
 There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me :
 Give the face of earth around
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me ;
 All I seek, the heaven above
 And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
 Where afield I linger,
 Silencing the bird on tree
 Biting the blue finger.
 White as meal the frosty field---
 Warm the fireside haven—
 Not to autumn will I yield,
 Not to winter even !

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me ;
Give the face of earth around,
 And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me ;
All I ask, the heaven above,
 And the road below me.

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE LAPPS

IT was in the streets of Hammerfest that I first set eyes on a Laplander. Turning round the corner of one of the ill-built houses we suddenly ran over a diminutive little personage, in a white woollen tunic, bordered with red and yellow stripes, green trousers, fastened round the ankles, and reindeer boots, curling up at the toes like Turkish slippers. On her head—for, notwithstanding the trousers, she turned out to be a lady—was perched a gay parti-coloured cap, fitting close round the face, and running up at the back into an over-arching peak of red cloth. Within this peak was crammed—as I afterwards learnt—a piece of hollow wood, weighing about a quarter of a pound, into which is fitted the wearer's back hair: so that perhaps, after all, there does exist a more inconvenient coiffure than a Paris bonnet. Hardly had we taken off our hats, and bowed a thousand apologies for our unintentional rudeness to the fair inhabitant of the green trousers, before a couple of Lapp gentlemen hove in sight. They were dressed pretty much like their companion, except that an ordinary red night-cap replaced the queer helmet worn by the lady; and the knife and sporran fastened to their belts instead of being suspended

in front, as hers were, hung down against their hips. Their tunics too may have been a trifle shorter. None of the three were beautiful. High cheek bones, short noses, oblique Mongol eyes, no eyelashes, and enormous mouths, composed a cast of features which their burnt sienna complexion and hair—like ill got-in hay—did not much enhance. The expression of their countenances was not unintelligent ; and there was a merry, half timid, half cunning twinkle in their eyes, which reminded me a little of faces I had met in the more neglected districts of Ireland. Some ethnologists, indeed, are inclined to reckon the Laplanders as a branch of the Celtic family ; others again maintain them to be Ugrians ; while a few pretend to discover a relationship between the Lapp language and the dialects of the Australian savages, and similar outsiders of the human family, alleging that as successive stocks bubbled up from the central birthplace of mankind in Asia, the earlier and inferior races were gradually driven outwards in concentric circles, like the rings produced by the throwing of a stone in a pond ; and that consequently those who dwell in the uttermost ends of the earth are *ipso facto*, first cousins.

This relationship with the Polynesian niggers the native genealogists would probably scout with indignation, being perfectly persuaded of the extreme gentility of their descent. Their only knowledge of the patriarch Noah, is as a personage

who derives his principal claim to notoriety from having been the first Lapp. Their acquaintance with any sacred history, nay, with Christianity at all, is very limited. It was not until after the thirteenth century that an attempt was made to convert them ; and though Charles IV. and Gustavus ordered portions of Scripture to be translated into Lappish, to this very day a great proportion of the race are Pagans ; and even the most illuminated amongst them remain slaves to the grossest superstition. When a couple is to be married, if a priest happens to be in the way they will send for him perhaps, out of complaisance ; but otherwise the young lady's papa merely strikes a flint and steel together, and the ceremony is not the less irrevocably completed. When they die, a hatchet and a flint and steel are invariably buried with the defunct, in case he should feel himself chilly on his long journey—an unnecessary precaution, many of the orthodox would consider, on the part of such lax religionists. When they go bear-hunting—the most important business of their lives—it is a sorcerer, with no other defence than his incantations, who marches at the head of the procession. In the internal arrangements of their tents it is not a room to themselves but a door to themselves that they assign to their woman-kind ; for woe betide the hunter if a woman has crossed the threshold over which he sallies to the chase ; and for three days after the slaughter

of his prey he must live apart from the female portion of his family, in order to appease the evil deity whose familiar he is supposed to have destroyed. It would be endless to recount the innumerable occasions upon which the ancient rites of Jumala are still interpolated among the Christian observances they profess to have adopted.

Their manner of life I had scarcely any opportunity of observing. Our consul kindly undertook to take us up to one of their encampments ; but they flit so often from place to place, it is very difficult to light upon them. Here and there, as we cruised about among the fiords, the blue wreaths of smoke rising from some little green nook among the rocks would betray their temporary place of abode ; but I never got a near view of a regular settlement.

In the summer-time they live in canvas tents ; during winter, when the snow is on the ground, the forest Lapps build huts in the branches of trees, and so roost like birds. The principal tent is of an hexagonal form, with a fire in the centre, whose smoke rises through a hole in the roof. The gentlemen and ladies occupy different sides of the same apartment ; but a long pole laid along the ground midway between them symbolises an ideal partition, which I daresay is in the end as effectual a defence as lath and plaster prove in more civilised countries. At all events,

the ladies have a doorway quite to themselves, which doubtless they consider a far greater privilege than the seclusion of a separate boudoir. Hunting and fishing are the principal employments of the Lapp tribes ; and to slay a bear is the most honourable exploit a Lapp hero can achieve. The flesh of the slaughtered beast becomes the property—not of the man who killed him, but of him who discovered his trail ; and the skin is hung up on a pole for the wives of all who took part in the expedition to shoot at with their eyes bandaged. Fortunate is she whose arrow pierces the trophy,—not only does it become her prize, but in the eyes of the whole settlement her husband is looked upon thenceforward as the most fortunate of men. As long as the chase is going on, the women are not allowed to stir abroad ; but as soon as the party have safely brought home their booty, the whole female population issues from the tents, and having deliberately chewed some bark of a species of alder, they spit the red juice into their husbands' faces, typifying thereby the bear's blood which has been shed in the honourable encounter.

From *Letters from High Latitudes*, by LORD DUFFERIN.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO

December 17, 1832.—Having now finished with Patagonia and the Falkland Islands, I will describe our first arrival in Tierra del Fuego. A little after noon we doubled Cape St. Diego, and entered the famous Strait of Le Maire. We kept close to the Fuegian shore, but the outline of the rugged, inhospitable Statenland was visible amidst the clouds. In the afternoon we anchored in the Bay of Good Success.

While entering we were saluted in a manner becoming the inhabitants of this savage land. A group of Fuegians, partly concealed by the entangled forest, were perched on a wild point overhanging the sea ; and, as we passed by, they sprang up, and, waving their tattered cloaks, sent forth a loud and sonorous shout. The savages followed the ship, and just before dark we saw their fire, and again heard their wild cry.

The harbour consists of a fine piece of water half surrounded by low rounded mountains of clay-slate, which are covered to the water's edge by one dense, gloomy forest. A single glance at the landscape was sufficient to show me how widely different it was from anything I had ever beheld. At night it blew a gale of wind, and heavy squalls

from the mountains swept past us. It would have been a bad time out at sea, and we, as well as others, may call this Good Success Bay.

In the morning the captain sent a party to communicate with the Fuegians. When we came within hail one of the four natives who were present advanced to receive us, and began to shout most vehemently, wishing to direct us where to land. When we were on shore the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity.

It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I ever beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilised man; it is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old, and appeared to be the head of the family; the three others were powerful young men, about six feet high. The women and children had been sent away. These Fuegians are a very different race from the stunted, miserable wretches farther westward, and they seem closely allied to the famous Patagonians of the Strait of Magellan. Their only garment consists of a mantle made of guanaco skin, with the wool outside; this they wear just thrown over their shoulders, leaving their persons as often exposed as covered. Their skin is of a dirty coppery-red colour.

The old man had a fillet of white feathers round his head, which partly confined his black, coarse, and entangled hair. His face was crossed by two broad transverse bars : one, painted with bright red, reached from ear to ear, and included the upper lip ; the other, white like chalk, extended above and parallel to the first, so that even his eyelids were thus coloured. The other two men were ornamented by streaks of black powder, made of charcoal. The party altogether closely resembled the devils which come on the stage in plays like "Der Freischutz."

Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenance distrustful, surprised, and startled. After we had presented them with some scarlet cloth, which they immediately tied round their necks, they became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts and make a chuckling kind of noise, as people do when feeding chickens. I walked with the old man, and the demonstration of friendship was repeated several times ; it was concluded by three hard slaps, which were given me on the breast and back at the same time. He then bared his bosom for me to return the compliment, which, being done, he seemed highly pleased. The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared

his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.

They are excellent mimics ; as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry ; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. Which of us, for instance, could follow an American-Indian through a sentence of more than three words ? All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habit among the Caffres ; the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait of any man, so that he may be recognised. How can this faculty be explained ? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared with those long civilised ?

When a song was struck up by our party, I thought the Fuegians would have fallen down with astonishment. With equal surprise they viewed

our dancing ; but one of the young men, when asked, had no objection to a little waltzing. Little accustomed to Europeans, as they appeared to be, yet they knew and dreaded our firearms ; nothing would tempt them to take a gun in their hands. They begged for knives, calling them by the Spanish word *cuchilla*. They explained also what they wanted by acting as if they had a piece of blubber in their mouth, and then pretending to cut instead of tear it.

From *The Voyage of H.M.S. "Beagle,"* by
CHARLES DARWIN.

THE DESERT

ABOUT this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the south—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side : on its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake, that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had gathered together in a vast hollow between the sand-hills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit ; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore-line. The minute crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun were made to seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache from the peculiar way in

which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast ; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments, I cannot tell ; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills ! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened, but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing “ for church.” After a while the sound died away slowly. It happened that neither I

nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

During my travels I kept a journal—a journal sadly meagre and intermittent, but one which enabled me to find out the day of the month and the week according to the European calendar; referring to this, I found that the day was Sunday, and, roughly allowing for the difference of longitude, I concluded that at the moment of my hearing that strange peal, the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer. The coincidence amused me faintly, but I could not allow myself a hope that the effect I had experienced was anything other than an illusion—an illusion

liable to be explained (as every illusion is in these days) by some of the philosophers who guess at Nature's riddles. It would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some pious enchantment, had asked and found this spell to rouse me from my scandalous forgetfulness of God's holy day,—but my fancy was too weak to carry a faith like that. Indeed the vale through which the bells of Marlen send their song is a highly respectable vale, and its people (save one, two, or three) are wholly unaddicted to the practice of magical arts.

After the fifth day of my journey, I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce ; there was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon ; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heavens above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun ; “ he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race ; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it :

and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof." From pole to pole, and from the east to the west, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all heaven and earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bid me bow down and worship him ; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face ; the mighty sun for one—and for the other, this poor, pale, solitary self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There then before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am !)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the Desert, and my tent was pitched as usual, but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the west without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned : he had toiled on a graceful service ; he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living

world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in a bed of deep waters.

From *Eothen*, by A. W KINGLAKE.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE

I MARCHED up the left bank of the Nile at a considerable distance from the water, to the Isamba Rapids, passing through rich jungle and plantain-gardens. Nango, an old friend, and district officer of the place, first refreshed us with a dish of plantain-squash and dried fish, with pombé. He told us he is often threatened by elephants, but he sedulously keeps them off with charms ; for if they ever tasted a plantain they would never leave the garden until they had cleared it out. He then took us to see the nearest falls of the Nile—extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli ; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen, like that of Devonshire ; there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and, by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than—I must confess

that my thoughts took that shape—anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side-slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wangüana seemed spellbound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings. . . .

After a long struggling march, plodding through huge grasses and jungle, we reached a district which I cannot otherwise describe than by calling it a "Church Estate." It is dedicated in some mysterious manner to Lübari (Almighty), and although the king appeared to have authority over some of the inhabitants of it, yet others had apparently a sacred character, exempting them from the civil power, and he had no right to dispose of the land itself. In this territory there are small villages only at every fifth mile, for there is no road, and the lands run high again, whilst, from want of a guide, we often lost the track. It now transpired that Budja, when he told at the palace that there was no road down the banks of the Nile, did so in consequence of his fear that if he sent my whole party here they would rob these church lands, and so bring him into a scrape with the wizards or ecclesiastical authorities. Had my party not been under control, we could not have put up here; but on my being answerable that

no thefts should take place, the people kindly consented to provide us with board and lodgings, and we found them very obliging. One elderly man, half-witted—they said the king had driven his senses from him by seizing his house and family—came at once on hearing of our arrival, laughing and singing in a loose jaunty maniacal manner, carrying odd sticks, shells, and a bundle of mbūgū rags, which he deposited before me, dancing and singing again, then retreating and bringing some more, with a few plantains from a garden, when I was to eat, as kings lived upon flesh, and “poor Tom” wanted some, for he lived with lions and elephants in a hovel beyond the gardens, and his belly was empty. He was precisely a black specimen of the English parish idiot.

At last, with a good push for it, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, as well as extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants—they had eaten all that was eatable, and what would not serve for food they had destroyed with their trunks, not one plantain or one hut being left entire—we arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the farthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as king Mtésa’s palace, and just forty miles east of it.

We were well rewarded; for the “stones,” as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody

ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and even my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected ; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about 12 feet deep and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours —the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might ; the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake,—made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief.

From *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, by J. H. SPEKE.

AMAZON FORESTS

AFTER having resided about a fortnight at Mr. Miller's *rocinha*, we heard of another similar country-house to be let, much better situated for our purpose, in the village of Nazareth, a mile and a half from the city, and close to the forest. We resolved to walk to this place through the forest, a distance of three miles, although the road was said to be scarcely passable at this season of the year. We were glad, however, of this early opportunity of traversing the rich swampy forest, which we had admired so much from the deck of the ship ; so, about eleven o'clock one sunny morning, after procuring the necessary information about the road, we set off in that direction.

On leaving the town, we walked along a straight road, constructed above the level of the surrounding land. It had low swampy ground on each side, built upon, however, and containing several spacious *rocinhas*, which were embowered in magnificent foliage. Leaving the last of these, we arrived at a part where the lofty forest towered up like a wall, five or six yards from the edge of the path, to the height of, probably, 100 feet. The tree trunks were only seen partially here and there, nearly the whole frontage from ground to summit

being covered with a drapery of creeping plants, all of the most vivid shades of green ; scarcely a flower was to be seen, except in some places a solitary scarlet passion-flower, set in the green mantle like a star. The low ground on the borders, between the forest wall and the road, was encumbered with a tangled mass of bushy and shrubby vegetation, amongst which prickly mimosas were very numerous, covering the other bushes in the same way as brambles do in England. Other dwarf mimosas trailed along the ground close to the edge of the road, shrinking at the slightest touch of the feet as we passed by.

After stopping a long time to examine and admire, we at length walked onward. The road then ascended slightly, and the soil and vegetation became suddenly altered in character. The shrubs here were grasses, low sedges and other plants, smaller in foliage than those growing in moist grounds. The forest was second growth, low, consisting of trees which had the general aspect of laurels and other evergreens in our gardens at home : the leaves glossy and dark green.

The sun, now, for we had loitered long on the road, was exceedingly powerful. The day was most brilliant ; the sky without a cloud. In fact, it was one of those glorious days which announce the commencement of the dry season. The radiation of heat from the sandy ground was visible by the quivering motion of the air above it. We saw

or heard no mammals or birds ; a few cattle belonging to an estate down a shady lane were panting under a cluster of wide-spreading trees. The very soil was hot to our feet, and we hastened onwards to the shade of the forest which we could see not far ahead.

At length, on entering it, what a relief ! We found ourselves in a broad pathway or alley, where the branches of the trees crossed overhead and produced a delightful shade. The woods were at first of recent growth, dense, and utterly impenetrable ; the ground, instead of being clothed with grass and shrubs as in the woods of Europe, was everywhere carpeted with moss.

Gradually the scene became changed. We descended slightly from an elevated, dry, and sandy area to a low and swampy one ; a cool air breathed on our faces, and a mouldy smell of rotting vegetation greeted us. The trees were now taller, the underwood less dense, and we could obtain glimpses into the wilderness on all sides. The leafy crowns of the trees, scarcely two of which could be seen together of the same kind, were now far away above us, in another world as it were. We could only see at times, where there was a break above, the tracery of the foliage against the clear blue sky.

Sometimes the leaves were palmate, or of the shape of large outstretched hands ; at others, finely cut or feathery, like the leaves of *Mimosæ*.

Below, the tree trunks were everywhere linked together by the woody flexible stems of climbing and creeping plants. Some were twisted in strands like cables, others had thick stems contorted in every variety of shape, entwining snake-like round the tree trunks, or forming gigantic loops and coils among the larger branches. Others, again, were of zigzag shape, or indented like the steps of a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height.

Farther on the ground became more swampy, and we had some difficulty in picking our way. The wild banana here began to appear, and, as it grew in masses, imparted a new aspect to the scene. The leaves of this beautiful plant are like broad sword-blades, eight feet in length and a foot broad ; they rise straight upwards, alternately, from the top of a stem five or six feet high. Numerous kinds of plants with leaves similar in shape to these, but smaller, clothed the ground. The trunks of the trees were clothed with climbing ferns. Bamboos and other tall grass and reed-like plants arched over the pathway.

The appearance of this part of the forest was strange in the extreme ; description can convey no adequate idea of it. The reader who has visited Kew may form some notion by trying to picture a vegetation like that in the great palm-house spread over a large tract of swampy ground, but he must fancy it mingled with large trees,

similar to our oaks and elms, covered with creepers and parasites, and figure to himself the ground encumbered with fallen and rotten trunks, branches, and leaves ; the whole illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture.

From *The Naturalist on the River Amazon*,
by H. W. BATES.

THE PAST REVIVED

SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,

When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
blown,

That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,

And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever
grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride ;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

THE cloud which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But, in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire ; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky ; now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent ; now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness like the ghost of its own life !

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep ; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapour. In some places immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house-roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused

ruin, which yet more and more with every hour obstructed the way ; and, as the day advanced the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt ; the footing seemed to slide and creep ; nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire which caught whatever was combustible within their reach ; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved—for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set on flames ; and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness the citizens had, here and there in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavoured to place rows of torches, but these rarely continued long ; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes—the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land, for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore ; an utter

darkness lay over it, and upon its groaning and tossing waves the storm of cinders and rock fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild, haggard, ghastly with supernatural fears these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise ; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights which showed to each band the deathlike faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilisation were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If in the darkness wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation !

From *The Last Days of Pompeii*, by LORD LYTTON.

ARTHUR'S LAST FIGHT

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again ;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the King ;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
A death-white mist slept over sand and sea :
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear ; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts

Look in upon the battle ; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail
hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist ;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

From *The Passing of Arthur*, by LORD TENNYSON.

FIELD SPORTS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

THE favourite diversions of the Middle Ages, in the intervals of war, were those of hawking and hunting. The former must in all countries be a source of pleasure; but it seems to have been enjoyed in moderation by the Greeks and Romans. With the northern invaders, however, it was rather a predominant appetite than an amusement; it was their pride and their ornament, the theme of their songs, the object of their laws, and the business of their lives. Falconry, unknown as a diversion to the ancients, became from the fourth century an equally delightful occupation. From the Salic and other barbarous codes of the fifth century to the close of the period under our review, every age would furnish testimony to the ruling passion for these two species of chase, or, as they were sometimes called, the mysteries of woods and rivers. A knight seldom stirred from his house without a falcon on his wrist, or a greyhound that followed him. Thus are Harold and his attendants represented in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. And, in the monuments of those who died anywhere but on the field of battle, it is usual to find the greyhound lying at their feet, or the bird upon their wrist. Nor are the tombs of ladies without

their falcon ; for this diversion, being of less danger and fatigue than the chase, was shared by the delicate sex. . . .

Though hunting had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, it was a very convenient resource, on which the wholesomeness and comfort, as well as the luxury of the table depended. Before the natural pastures were improved, and new kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to maintain the summer stock during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose that, when no alternative was offered but these salted meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish. There was somewhat more excuse therefore for the severity with which the lords of forests and manors preserved the beasts of the chase, than if they had been considered as merely objects of sport. The laws relating to preservation of game were in every country uncommonly rigorous. They formed in England that odious system of forest laws which distinguished the tyranny of our Norman kings. Capital punishment for killing a stag or wild boar was frequent, and perhaps warranted by law, until the charter of John. The French code was less severe, but even Henry IV. enacted the pain of death against the repeated offence of chasing deer in the royal forests. The privilege of hunting was reserved to the nobility till the

reign of Louis IX., who extended it in some degree to persons of lower birth.

This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it ; a strenuous idleness, which disdained all useful occupations, and an oppressive spirit towards the peasantry. The devastation committed under the pretence of destroying wild animals, which had been already protected in their depredations, is noticed in serious authors, and has also been the topic of popular ballads. What effect this must have had on agriculture, it is easy to conjecture. The levelling of forests, the draining of morasses, and the extirpation of mischievous animals which inhabit them, are the first object of man's labour in reclaiming the earth to his use ; and these were forbidden by a landed aristocracy, whose control over the progress of agricultural improvement was unlimited, and who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice.

From *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, by HENRY HALLAM.

THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA

IT was now or never for England. The scene of the action which was to decide the future of Europe was between Calais and Dunkirk, a few miles offshore, and within sight of Parma's camp. There was no more manœuvring for the weather-gage, no more fighting at long range. Drake dashed straight upon his prey as the falcon stoops upon its quarry. A chance had fallen to him which might never return ; not for the vain distinction of carrying prizes into English ports, not for the ray of honour which would fall on him if he could carry off the sacred banner itself and hang it in the Abbey at Westminster, but a chance so to handle the Armada that it should never be seen again in English waters, and deal such a blow on Philip that the Spanish Empire should reel with it. The English ships had the same superiority over the galleons which steamers have now over sailing vessels. They had twice the speed ; they could lie two points nearer to the wind. Sweeping round them at cable's length, crowding them in one upon the other, yet never once giving them a chance to grapple, they hurled in their cataracts of round shot. Short as was the powder supply, there was no sparing it that morning. The hours

went on, and still the battle raged, if battle it could be called where the blows were all dealt on one side and the suffering was all on the other. Never on sea or land did the Spaniards show themselves worthier of their great name than on that day. But from the first they could do nothing. It was said afterwards in Spain that the Duke showed the white feather, that he charged his pilot to keep him out of harm's way, that he shut himself up in his cabin, buried in woolpacks, and so on. The Duke had faults enough, but poltroonery was not one of them. He, who till he entered the English Channel had never been in action on sea or land, found himself, as he said, in the midst of the most furious engagement recorded in the history of the world. As to being out of harm's way, the standard at his masthead drew the hottest of the fire upon him. The *San Martin*'s timbers were of oak and a foot thick, but the shot, he said, went through them enough to shatter a rock. Her deck was a slaughterhouse ; half his company were killed or wounded, and no more would have been heard or seen of the *San Martin* or her commander had not Oquendo and De Leyva pushed in to the rescue and enabled him to creep away under their cover. He himself saw nothing more of the action after this. The smoke, he said, was so thick that he could make out nothing, even from his masthead. But all round it was but a repetition of the same scene.

The Spanish shot flew high, as before, above the low English hulls, and they were themselves helpless butts to the English guns. And it is noticeable and supremely creditable to them that not a single galleon struck her colours. One of them, after a long duel with an Englishman, was on the point of sinking. An English officer, admiring the courage which the Spaniards had shown, ran out upon his bowsprit, told them that they had done all which became men, and urged them to surrender and save their lives. For answer they cursed the English as cowards and chickens because they refused to close. The officer was shot. His fall brought a last broadside on them, which finished the work. They went down, and the water closed over them. Rather death to the soldiers of the Cross than surrender to a heretic.

The deadly hail rained on. In some ships blood was seen streaming out of the scupper-holes. Yet there was no yielding; all ranks showed equal heroism. The priests went up and down in the midst of the carnage, holding the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. At midday Howard came up to claim a second share in a victory which was no longer doubtful. Towards the afternoon the Spanish fire slackened. Their powder was gone, and they could make no return to the cannonade which was still overwhelming them. They admitted freely afterwards that if the attack had been continued but two hours more they must all

have struck or gone ashore. But the English magazines were empty also ; the last cartridge was shot away, and the battle ended from mere inability to keep it up. It had been fought on both sides with peculiar determination. In the English there was the accumulated resentment of thirty years of menace to their country and their creed, with the enemy in tangible shape at last to be caught and grappled with ; in the Spanish, the sense that if their cause had not brought them the help they looked for from above, the honour and faith of Castile should not suffer in their hands.

It was over. The English drew off, regretting that their thrifty mistress had limited their means of fighting for her, and so obliged them to leave their work half done. When the cannon ceased the wind rose, the smoke rolled away, and in the level light of the sunset they could see the results of the action.

From *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century*, by
J. A. FROUDE.

CHARLES II. IN ST. JAMES'S PARK

THEY were approaching a group of two or three gentlemen when, on looking closely at him who appeared to be the chief of the party, Julian felt his heart beat uncommonly thick as if conscious of approaching some one of the highest consequence.

The person whom he looked upon was past the middle age of life, of a dark complexion, corresponding with the long, black, full-bottomed periwig, which he wore instead of his own hair. His dress was plain black velvet, with a diamond star, however, on his cloak, which hung carelessly over one shoulder. His features, strongly lined, even to harshness, had yet an expression of dignified good-humour ; he was well and strongly built, walked upright and yet easily, and had upon the whole the air of a person of the highest consideration. He kept rather in advance of his companions, but turned and spoke to them, from time to time, with much affability, and probably with some liveliness, judging by the smiles, and sometimes the scarce restrained laughter, by which some of his sallies were received by his attendants.

They also wore only morning dresses ; but their looks and manner were those of men of rank,

in presence of one in station still more elevated. They shared the attention of their principal in common with seven or eight little black curly-haired spaniels, or rather, as they are now called, cockers, which attended their master as closely, and perhaps with as deep sentiments of attachment, as the bipeds of the group ; and whose gambols, which seemed to afford him much amusement, he sometimes checked, and sometimes encouraged.

In addition to this pastime, a lackey, or groom, was also in attendance, with one or two little baskets and bags, from which the gentleman we have described took, from time to time, a handful of seeds, and amused himself with throwing them to the waterfowl.

This, the King's favourite occupation, together with his remarkable countenance, and the deportment of the rest of the company towards him, satisfied Julian Peveril that he was approaching, perhaps indecorously, near to the person of Charles Stewart, the second of that unhappy name.

From *Peveril of the Peak*, by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA

FROM a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so ; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them ; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified, and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened

out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance ; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness abused the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found ; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left to the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the

cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking ; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated ; they entreated ; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims.

At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.

From the Essay on *Clive*, by LORD MACAULAY.

THE DEATH OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished ; the recompense of it is near and sure. On Wednesday morning the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face ; beautiful and calm : she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall at sight of her ; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers : the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife ; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte ; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation ?—"By no one's." What tempted you, then ? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely, as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand ; a villain to save innocents : a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution ; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished : the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving : the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderer. To her Advocate she gives thanks ; in gentle

phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks ; but needs not any shriving and ghostly or other aid from him.

On the same evening therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal cart issues ; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess ; so beautiful, serene, so full of life ; journeying towards death,—alone amid the world. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently ; for what heart but must be touched ? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus ; that it were beautiful to die with her ; the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet ; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult ; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck ; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck ; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. “ It is most true,” says Forster, “ that he struck the cheek insultingly ; for I saw it with my eyes : the Police imprisoned him for it.”

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Char-

lotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace"? Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises, and the light of life; but of Cordus-sacrifices, and Death well-earned? That Twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this is the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless two mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

From *The French Revolution*, by T. CARLYLE.

A NATION MOURNING

IT was not from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him—the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all that they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sport to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney corner,” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done ; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr ; the most awful that of the martyred patriot ; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory ; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson’s translation, he

could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England ; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

From *The Life of Nelson*, by ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NEWS OF VICTORY

THE grandest chapter of our experience within the whole mail-coach service was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. A period of about ten years stretched from Trafalgar to Waterloo ; the second and third years of which period were comparatively sterile ; but the other nine (from 1807 to 1815) furnished a long succession of victories. Even to tease the coasts of our enemy, to mortify them by continual blockades, to insult them by capturing if it were but a baubling schooner under the eyes of their arrogant armies, proclaimed from time to time the power lodged in one quarter to which the hopes of Christendom turned in secret. How much more loudly must this proclamation have spoken in the audacity of having beaten them in pitched battles ! Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach when carrying down the first tidings of any such event.

From eight p.m. to fifteen or twenty minutes later, imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street, where, at that time, and not in St. Martin's-le-Grand, was seated the General Post Office. In what exact strength we mustered

I do not remember ; but from the length of each separate coach and set of horses, we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful.

But the night before us is a night of victory ; and, behold ! to the ordinary display, what a heart-shaking addition !—horses, men, carriages, all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. The guards, as being officially His Majesty's servants, and of the coachmen such as are within the privilege of the Post Office, wear the royal liveries, of course ; and as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were naturally won in summer), they wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view, without *any* covering of upper coats. Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of the laurels in their hats, dilate their hearts, by giving to them openly a personal connection with the great news in which already they have the general interest of patriotism. That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions.

Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distinguished as such except by dress ; for the usual reserve of their manner in speaking to the attendants has on this night melted away. One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the glorious bond of his national blood. The spectators, who are unusually numerous,

express their sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs.

Every moment are shouted aloud by the Post Office servants, and summoned to draw up, the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years—Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen—expressing the grandeur of the empire by the age of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the number and direction of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then come the horses into play. Horses ! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards ?

What stir !—what sea-like ferment !—what a thundering of wheels !—what a trampling of hoofs !—what a sounding of trumpets !—what farewell cheers !—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail—“ Liverpool for ever ! ”—with the name of the particular victory—“ Badajoz for ever ! ” or “ Salamanca for ever ! ” The half-slumbering consciousness that, all night long and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every

instant new successions of burning joy, has an effect like multiplying the victory itself. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel westwards for three hundred miles—northwards for six hundred.

Freed from the embarrassments of the city, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, we soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun, perhaps, only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every story of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows—young and old understand the language of our victorious symbols—and rolling volleys of sympathising cheers run along us, behind us, and before us. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness—real or assumed—thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect, with bold exulting smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, and says, Be thou whole! Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels; sometimes kiss their hands; sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket-handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, anything that, by catching the summer breezes, will express an aerial jubilation.

From *The Mail Coach*, by THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy ;
“ Your old earth,” they say, “ is very dreary,
Our young feet,” they say, “ are very weak ;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek :
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is very cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewilder-
ing,
And the graves are for the old.”

“ For oh,” say the children, “ we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap ;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground ;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

" For all day the wheels are droning, turning ;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places :
Turns the sky in the high window, blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling :
All are turning all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
' O ye wheels ' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
' Stop ! be silent for to-day ! ' "

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
" How long," they say, " how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's
heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the
mart ?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path !
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

E. B. BROWNING.

ON A PIECE OF CHALK

THUS there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land, until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game the spoils of which have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said ; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants, hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant ; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of your own country, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself.

The Book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris.

But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk, or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been formed, but, after its formation, the time required for the deposit of these later rocks, and for their upheaval into dry land, must have elapsed, before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of "the great river, the river of Babylon," began to flow.

From *Lectures and Lay Sermons*, by T. H. HUXLEY.

SCIENCE AND HISTORY

There rolls the deep where grew the tree,
O earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true ;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE POST

THE DELIGHTS OF LONDON

30th January, 1801.

I OUGHT before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere ; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street ; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses ; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden ; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles ;—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night ; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the printshops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me often into night-walks

about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you ; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes ?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, the book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses,—have I not enough without your mountains ? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully pain^ted, but unable to satisfy the mind : and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me,

from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called ; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself ; and a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play.

From *Letter to William Wordsworth*, by CHARLES LAMB.

TRAVELLING IN ITALY

FLORENCE, *August 20, 1818.*

DEAREST MARY,

We have been delayed in this city four hours for the Austrian minister's passport, but are now on the point of setting out with a vetturino, who engages to take us on the third day to Padua ; that is, we shall only sleep three nights on the road. Yesterday's journey, performed in a one-horse cabriolet, almost without springs, over a rough road, was excessively fatiguing. — suffered much from it ; for, as to myself, there are occasions in which fatigue seems a useful medicine, as I have felt no pain in my side—a most delightful respite—since I left you. The country was various and exceedingly beautiful. Sometimes there were those low cultivated lands, with their vine festoons and large bunches of grapes just becoming purple—at others we passed between high mountains, crowned with some of the most majestic Gothic ruins I ever saw, which frowned from the bare precipices, or were half-seen among the olive-copses. As we approached Florence the country became cultivated to a very high degree, the plain was filled with the most beautiful villas, and, as far as the eye could reach, the mountains were covered

with them ; for the plains are bounded on all sides by blue and misty mountains. The vines are here trailed on low trellises of reeds interwoven into crosses to support them, and the grapes, now almost ripe, are exceedingly abundant. You everywhere meet those teams of beautiful white oxen, which are now labouring the little vine-divided fields with their Virgilian ploughs and carts. Florence itself, that is the Lung' Arno (for I have seen no more), I think is the most beautiful city I have yet seen. It is surrounded with cultivated hills, and from the bridge which crosses the broad channel of the Arno, the view is the most animated and elegant I ever saw. You see three or four bridges, one apparently supported by Corinthian pillars, and the white sails of the boats, relieved by the deep green of the forest, which comes to the water's edge, and the sloping hills covered with bright villas on every side. Domes and steeples rise on all sides, and the cleanliness is remarkably great. On the other side there are the foldings of the vale of Arno above ; first, the hills of olive and vine, then the chestnut woods, and then the blue and misty pine forests, which invest the aerial Apennines, that fade in the distance. I have seldom seen a city so lovely at first sight as Florence.

From *Letter to his Wife*, by P. B. SHELLEY.

ADVICE TO LUCY

LONDON, *July 22, 1835.*

LUCY, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock : tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius ; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts ; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest ; and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import.

And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do) and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle ? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors ?

You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic ; by the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you ; therefore I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year ; and God bless you, dear child !

SYDNEY SMITH.

DICKENS LOSES HIS PET RAVEN

(To CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.)

March 16, 1841.

MY raven's dead. He had been ailing for a few days, but not seriously, as we thought, and was apparently recovering, when symptoms of relapse occasioned me to send for an eminent medical gentleman, one Herring (a bird fancier in the New Road), who promptly attended and administered a powerful dose of castor oil. This was on Tuesday last. On Wednesday morning he had another dose of castor oil and a teacupful of warm gruel, which he took with great relish, and under the influence of which he so far recovered his spirits as to be able to bite the groom severely. At 12 o'clock at noon he took several turns up and down the stable with a grave, sedate air, and suddenly reeled. This made him thoughtful. He stopped directly, shook his head, moved on again, stopped once more, cried in a tone of remonstrance and considerable surprise, " Halloa, old girl ! " and immediately died. He has left a rather large property (in cheese and halfpence) buried, for security's sake, in various parts of the garden. I am not without suspicions of poison. A butcher

was heard to threaten him some weeks since, and he stole a clasp knife belonging to a vindictive carpenter, which was never found. For these reasons, I directed a post-mortem examination preparatory to the body being stuffed ; the result of it has not yet reached me. The medical gentleman broke out the fact of his decease to me with great delicacy, observing that “the jolliest queer start had taken place with that 'ere knowing card of a bird, as ever he see'd,”—but the shock was naturally very great. With reference to the jollity of the start, it appears that a raven dying at two hundred and fifty or thereabouts, is looked upon as an infant. This one would hardly, as I may say, have been born for a century or so to come, being only two or three years old.

TO A LITTLE FRIEND

17 ELM TREE ROAD,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD,

Monday, April, 1844.

MY DEAR MAY,

I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it ; for you are as hard to forget, as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was ! only so prickly I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth, we will have its face well shaved. Did you ever go to Greenwich Fair ? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony and has caught a cold, and tell Jeanie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. Oh, I wish it was the season when " March winds and April showers bring forth *May flowers !*" for then, of course, you would give me another pretty little nosegay. Besides, it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night, when I came from Stratford,

the cold shrivelled me up so, that when I got home, I thought I was my own child !

However, I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas ; I mean to come in my most ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine, Tom's mouth is to have a *hole* holiday, and Mrs. Hood is to sit up to supper ! There will be doings ! And then such good things to eat ; but pray, pray, pray, mind they don't boil the baby by mistake for a *plump* pudding, instead of a plum one.

Give my love to everybody, from yourself down to Willy, with which and a kiss, I remain, up hill and down dale,

Your affectionate lover,

THOMAS HOOD.

THE CHANGING YEAR

ALL SEASONS SWEET

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the eave-
drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

SPRING

When the hounds of Spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;
And the brcwn bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins ;
The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins ;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

From *First Chorus from "Atalanta,"* by
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's
edge—

That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noon tide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

ROBERT BROWNING.

GOLDEN GLORIES

The buttercup is like a golden cup,
The marigold is like a golden frill,
The daisy with a golden eye looks up,
And golden spreads the flower beside the rill,
And gay and golden nods the daffodil.
The gorse common swells a golden sea,
The cowslip hangs a head of golden tips,
And golden drips the honey which the bee
Sucks from sweet hearts of flowers, and stores,
and sips.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

SUMMER FLOWERS

Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
 Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
 And stocks in fragrant blow ;
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
 And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
 And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

From *Thyrsis*, by MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
 run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy
 cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd
flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by
hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Aye, where are
they ?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river swallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. KEATS.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being,

Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves
dead

Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill

(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;

Destroyer and Preserver ; hear, oh, hear !

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;

If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;

A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free

Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

P. B. SHELLEY

WINTER

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite,
You roll away from the light
The blue wood-louse, and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are stilled, and the flies are killed,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite,
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

LORD TENNYSON.

SCHOOLDAYS

A SCHOOLBOY FIGHT

Now, William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the Latin language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book the Eton Latin Grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Dr. Swishtail's scholars, and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with downcast stupefied look, his dog-s-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin ; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used

to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater : and he took snuff like the Doctor. He had been to the opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do ? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes : that toasted his bread, others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blundering over a home letter ; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message of which tarts was probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin ; "I want to finish my letter."

" You *can't* ! " says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labour, and tears ; for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's

wife, and lived in a back parlour in Thames Street). “ You *can’t* ? ” says Mr. Cuff : “ I should like to know why, pray ? Can’t you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow ? ”

“ Don’t call names,” Dobbin said, getting off the bench very nervous.

“ Well, sir, will you go ? ” crowed the cock of the school.

“ Put down that letter,” Dobbin replied ; “ no gentleman readeth letterth.”

“ Well, *now* will you go ? ” says the other.

“ No, I won’t. Don’t strike, or I’ll *thmash* you,” roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked, that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer’s boy after that ; though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighbourhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favourite copy of *The Arabian Nights* which he had—apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports—quite lonely, and almost happy.

William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sinbad the Sailor in the Valley

of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour ; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie ; and looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart ; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small. " How dare you, sir, break the bottle ? " says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick) ; to run a quarter of a mile ; to purchase a pint of rum-shrub on credit ; to brave all the Doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the playground again ; during the performance of which feat, his foot had slipped, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilt, and his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

" How dare you, sir, break it ? " says Cuff ; " you blundering little thief. You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Fairy Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed : the Roc had whisked away Sinbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds : and there was everyday life before honest William ; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

"Hold out your other hand, sir," roars Cuff to his little school-fellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

"Take that, you little rascal !" cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand. Dobbin started up.

I can't tell what his motive was. Up he sprang, and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff, don't bully that child any more ; or I'll——"

"Or you'll what ?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence ; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him : while Cuff's astonishment was hardly less. Fancy our late monarch George III. when he heard of the revolt of the North American Colonies : fancy brazen

Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting ; and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

"After school," says he, of course ; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your last wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied ; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say, "Go it, Figs" ; and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of that famous combat, at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer ; and everybody was anxious to have the honour of offering the conqueror a knee.

"What a licking I shall get when it's over," young Osborne thought, picking up his man.

"You'd best give in," he said to Dobbin ; "it's only a thrashing, Figs, and you know I'm used to

it." But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part ; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might—once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove," says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs my boy."

Figs' left made terrific play during the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round, there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs," as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuff." At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck

terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time. Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

"I think *that* will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards ; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle ; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course ; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, "It's my fault, sir—not Figs—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy ; and he served me right." By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

From *Vanity Fair*, by W. M. THACKERAY.

MR. SQUEERS ON EDUCATION

"We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n-, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t- bot, t-i-in, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as every body that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed!" said Nicholas abstractedly.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing-day tomorrow, and they want the coppers filled."

From *Nicholas Nickleby*, by CHARLES DICKENS.

HOW JOHN RIDD LEARNED TO SWIM

OF all the things I learned at Blundell's, only two abide with me, and one of these was the knack of fishing, and the other the art of swimming. And indeed they have a very rude manner of teaching children to swim there ; for the big boys take the little boys, and put them through a certain process, which they grimly call "sheep-washing." In the third meadow from the gate of the school, going up the river, there is a fine pool in the Lowman, where the Taunton brook comes in, and they call it "Taunton pool." The water runs down with a sharp, strong stickle, and then has a sudden elbow in it, where the small brook trickles in ; and on that side the bank is steep, four, or it may be five feet high, overhanging loamily ; but on the other side it is flat, pebbly, and fit to land upon. Now the large boys take the small boys, crying sadly for mercy, and thinking, mayhap, of their mothers ; with hands laid well at the back of their necks, they bring them up to the crest of the bank upon the eastern side, and make them strip their clothes off. Then the little boys, falling on their naked knees, blubber upward piteously ; but the large boys know what is good for them, and will not be entreated. So they cast them

down, one after another, into the splash of the water, and watch them go to the bottom first, and then come up and fight for it, with a blowing and a bubbling. It is a very fair sight to watch, when you know there is little danger ; because, although the pool is deep, the current is sure to wash a boy up on the stones, where the end of the depth is. As for me, they had no need to throw me more than once, because I jumped in of my own accord, thinking small things of the Lowman, after the violent Lynn. Nevertheless, I learnt to swim there, as all the other boys did ; for the greatest point in learning that is to find that you must do it. I loved the water naturally, and could not be long out of it ; but even the boys who hated it most, came to swim in some fashion or other, after they had been flung, for a year or two, into the Taunton pool.

From *Lorna Doone*, by R. D. BLACKMORE.

A CHARITY SCHOOL

THE night passed rapidly : I was too tired even to dream ; I only once awoke to hear the wind rave in furious gusts, and the rain fall in torrents, and to be sensible that Miss Miller had taken her place by my side. When I again unclosed my eyes, a loud bell was ringing ; the girls were up and dressing ; day had not yet begun to dawn, and a rush-light or two burned in the room. I too rose reluctantly ; it was bitter cold, and I dressed as well as I could for shivering, and washed when there was a basin at liberty, which did not occur soon, as there was but one basin to six girls, on the stands down the middle of the room. Again the bell rang : all formed in file, two and two, and in that order descended the stairs and entered the cold and dimly lit schoolroom. Here prayers were read by Miss Miller ; afterwards she called out :

“ Form classes ! ”

A great tumult succeeded for some minutes, during which Miss Miller repeatedly exclaimed, “ Silence ! ” and “ Order ! ” When it subsided, I saw them all drawn up in four semi-circles, before four chairs, placed at the four tables ; all held books in their hands, and a great book, like a Bible, lay on each table, before the vacant seat.

A pause of some seconds succeeded, filled up by the low, vague hum of numbers ; Miss Miller walked from class to class, hushing this indefinite sound.

A distant bell tinkled ; immediately three ladies entered the room, each walked to a table and took her seat ; Miss Miller assumed the fourth vacant chair, which was that nearest the door, and around which the smallest of the children were assembled : to this inferior class I was called, and placed at the bottom of it.

Business now began ; the day's Collect was repeated, then certain texts of Scripture were said, and to these succeeded a protracted reading of chapters of the Bible, which lasted an hour. By the time that exercise was terminated, day had fully dawned. The indefatigable bell now sounded for the fourth time ; the classes were marshalled and marched into another room for breakfast. How glad I was to behold a prospect of getting something to eat ! I was now nearly sick from inanition, having taken so little the day before.

The refectory was a great, low-ceiled, gloomy room. On two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which, however, to my dismay, sent forth an odour far from inviting. I saw a universal manifestation of discontent when the fumes of the repast met the nostrils of those destined to swallow it ; from the van of the procession, the tall girls of the first class, rose the whispered words :

"Disgusting! The porridge is burnt again!"

"Silence!" ejaculated a voice, not that of Miss Miller, but one of the upper teachers, a little and dark personage, smartly dressed, and of somewhat morose aspect, who installed herself at the top of one table, while a more buxom lady presided at the other. . . . Miss Miller occupied the foot of the table where I sat, and a strange, foreign-looking, elderly lady, the French teacher as I afterwards found, took the corresponding seat at the other board. A long grace was said and a hymn sung; then a servant brought in some tea for the teachers, and the meal began.

Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste; but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess: burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten potatoes; famine itself soon sickens over it. The spoons were moved slowly: I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it; but in each case the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over, and none had breakfasted. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the schoolroom. I was one of the last to go out, and in passing the tables, I saw one teacher take one of the basins of porridge and taste it; she looked at the others; all their countenances

expressed displeasure ; and one of them, the stout one, whispered :

“ Abominable stuff ! How shameful ! ”

A quarter of an hour passed before lessons began, during which the schoolroom was in a glorious tumult ; for that space of time it seemed to be permitted to talk loud and more freely, and they used their privilege. The whole conversation ran on the breakfast, which one and all abused roundly. Poor things ! it was the sole consolation they had. Miss Miller was now the only teacher in the room ; a group of great girls standing around her spoke with sullen and serious gestures.

A clock in the schoolroom struck nine ; Miss Miller left the circle, and standing in the middle of the room, cried :

“ Silence ! To your seats ! ”

Discipline prevailed : in five minutes the confused throng was resolved into order, and comparative silence quelled the Babel clamour of tongues. The upper teachers now punctually resumed their posts ; but still all seemed to wait. Ranged on benches down the sides of the room, the eighty girls sat motionless and erect : a quaint assemblage they appeared, all with plain locks combed from their faces, not a curl visible ; in brown dresses, made high and surrounded by a narrow tucker about the throat, with little pockets of holland (shaped something like a Highlander’s purse) tied in front of their frocks, and destined

to serve the purpose of a work-bag ; all, too, wearing woollen stockings and country-made shoes, fastened with brass buckles. About twenty of those clad in this costume were full-grown girls, or rather young women ; it suited them ill, and gave an air of oddity even to the prettiest.

The superintendent of Lowood (for such was this lady), having taken her seat before a pair of globes placed on one of the tables, summoned the first class round her, and commenced giving a lesson in geography. The lower classes were called by the teachers : repetitions in history, grammar, etc., went on for an hour ; writing and arithmetic succeeded ; and music lessons were given by Miss Temple to some of the elder girls. The duration of each lesson was measured by the clock, which at last struck twelve. The superintendent rose :

“ I have a word to address to the pupils,” said she.

The tumult of cessation from lessons was already breaking forth, but it sank at her voice. She went on :

“ You had this morning a breakfast which you could not eat ; you must be hungry : I have ordered that a lunch of bread and cheese shall be served to all.”

The teachers looked at her with a sort of surprise.

“ It is to be done on my responsibility,” she added, in an explanatory tone to them, and immediately afterwards left the room.

The bread and cheese were presently brought in and distributed, to the high delight and refreshment of the whole school. The order was now given, "To the garden!" Each put on a coarse straw bonnet, with strings of coloured calico, and a cloak of grey frieze. I was similarly equipped, and, following the stream, I made my way into the open air.

The garden was a wide enclosure, surrounded with walls so high as to exclude every glimpse of prospect; a covered verandah ran down one side, and broad walks bordered a middle space, divided into scores of little beds: these beds were assigned as gardens for the pupils to cultivate, and each bed had an owner. When full of flowers, they would doubtless look pretty; but, now, at the latter end of January, all was wintry blight and brown decay. I shuddered as I stood and looked around me. It was an inclement day for outdoor exercise; not positively rainy, but darkened by a drizzling yellow fog; all under-foot was still soaking wet with the floods of yesterday. The stronger among the girls ran about and engaged in active games, but sundry pale and thin ones herded together for shelter and warmth in the verandah; and among these, as the dense mist penetrated to their shivering frames, I heard frequently the sound of a hollow cough.

. . . I looked round the convent-like garden, and then up at the house—a large building, half

of which seemed grey and old, the other half quite new. The new part, containing the schoolroom and dormitory, was lit by mullioned and latticed 'windows, which gave it a church-like aspect ; a stone tablet over the door bore this inscription :

LOWOOD INSTITUTION

THIS PORTION WAS REBUILT A.D.—, BY NAOMI BROCKLEHURST, OF BROCKLEHURST HALL, IN THIS COUNTY.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—St. Matt. v., 16.

. . . “Can you tell me what the writing on that stone over the door means ? What is Lowood Institution ? ”

“ This house where you are come to live.”

“ And why do they call it Institution ? Is it in any way different from other schools ? ”

“ It is partly a charity-school : you and I, and all the rest of us, are charity-children.” . . .

From *Jane Eyre*, by CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

TOSSED IN A BLANKET

THE room was a great big one with a dozen beds in it, but not a boy that Tom could see, except East and himself. East pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and then sat on the bottom of his bed, whistling, and pulling off his boots ; Tom followed his example.

A noise and steps are heard in the passage, the door opens, and in rush four or five great fifth-form boys, headed by Flashman in his glory.

Tom and East slept in the further corner of the room, and were not seen at first.

“Gone to ground, eh ?” roared Flashman ; “push ‘em out then, boys ! look under the beds” ; and he pulled up the little white curtain of the one nearest him. “Who-o-op,” he roared, pulling away at the leg of a small boy, who held on tight to the leg of the bed, and sung out lustily for mercy.

“Here, lend a hand, one of you, and help me pull out this young howling brute. Hold your tongue, sir, or I’ll kill you.”

“Oh, please, Flashman, please, Walker, don’t toss me ! I’ll fag for you, I’ll do anything, only don’t toss me.”

" You be hanged," said Flashman, lugging the wretched boy along, "'twon't hurt you,—you ! Come along, boys, here he is."

" I say, Flashey," sung out another of the big boys, " drop that ; you heard what old Pater Brooke said to-night. I'll be hanged if we'll toss any one against their will—no more bullying. Let him go, I say."

Flashman, with an oath and a kick, released his prey, who rushed headlong under his bed again, for fear they should change their minds, and crept along underneath the other beds, till he got under that of the sixth-form boy, which he knew they daren't disturb.

" There's plenty of youngsters don't care about it," said Walker. " Here, here's Scud East—you'll be tossed, won't you, young un ? " Scud was East's nickname, or Black, as we called it, gained by his fleetness of foot.

" Yes," said East, " if you like, only mind my foot."

" And here's another who didn't hide. Hullo ! new boy ; what's your name, sir ? "

" Brown."

" Well, Whitey Brown, you don't mind being tossed ? "

" No," said Tom, setting his teeth.

" Come along then, boys," sung out Walker, and away they all went, carrying along Tom and East, to the intense relief of four or five other small

boys, who crept out from under the beds and behind them.

"What a trump Scud is!" said one. "They won't come back here now."

"And that new boy, too; he must be a good plucked one."

"Ah! wait till he has been tossed on to the floor; see how he'll like it then!"

Meantime, the procession went down the passage to Number 7, the largest room, and the scene of tossing, in the middle of which was a great open space. Here they joined other parties of the bigger boys, each with a captive or two, some willing to be tossed, some sullen, and some frightened to death. At Walker's suggestion all who were afraid were let off, in honour of Pater Brooke's speech.

Then a dozen big boys seized hold of a blanket, dragged from one of the beds. "In with Scud, quick, there's no time to lose." East was chucked into the blanket. "Once, twice, thrice, and away"; up he went like a shuttlecock, but not quite up to the ceiling.

"Now, boys, with a will," cried Walker, "once, twice, thrice, and away!" This time he went clean up, and kept himself from touching the ceiling with his hand, and so again a third time, when he was turned out, and up went another boy. And then came Tom's turn. He lay quite still, by East's advice, and didn't dislike the "once, twice,

thrice"; but the "away" wasn't so pleasant. They were in good wind now, and sent him slap up to the ceiling first time, against which his knees came rather sharply. But the moment's pause before descending was the rub, the feeling of utter helplessness, and of leaving his whole inside behind him sticking to the ceiling. Tom was very near shouting to be set down, when he found himself back in the blanket, but thought of East, and didn't; and so took his three tosses without a kick or a cry, and was called a young trump for his pains.

He and East, having earned it, stood now looking on. No catastrophe happened, as all the captives were cool hands, and didn't struggle. This didn't suit Flashman. What your real bully likes in tossing is when the boys kick and struggle, or hold on to one side of the blanket, and so get pitched bodily on to the floor; it's no fun to him when no one is hurt or frightened.

"Let's toss two of them together, Walker," suggested he.

"What a cursed bully you are, Flashey!" rejoined the other. "Up with another one."

And so no two boys were tossed together, the peculiar hardship of which is, that it's too much for human nature to lie still then and share troubles; and so the wretched pair of small boys struggle in the air which shall fall a-top in the descent, to the no small risk of both falling out of the

blanket, and the huge delight of brutes like Flashman.

But now there's a cry that the præpostor of the room is coming ; so the tossing stops, and all scatter to their different rooms ; and Tom is left to turn in, with the first day's experience of a public school to meditate upon.

From *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, by THOMAS HUGHES.

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

"ONCE," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise——"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily: "really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive

on, old fellow ! Don't be all day about it !" and he went on in these words :

" Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it——"

" I never said I didn't !" interrupted Alice.

" You did," said the Mock Turtle.

" Hold your tongue !" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on :

" We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day——"

" *I've* been to a day-school, too," said Alice ; " you needn't be so proud as all that."

" With extras ?" asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

" Yes," said Alice, " we learned French and music."

" And washing ?" said the Mock Turtle.

" Certainly not !" said Alice indignantly.

" Ah ! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. " Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, ' French, music, *and washing*—extra.' "

" You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice ; " living at the bottom of the sea."

" I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. " I only took the regular course."

" What was that ?" inquired Alice.

" Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied. " And then the

different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,'" Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise.
"What! Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed.
"You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully, "it means—to
make—anything—prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you
don't know what to uglify is, you *must* be a
simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more
questions about it, so she turned to the Mock
Turtle, and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle
replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers,
"—Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography,
then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old
conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he*
taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting
in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you myself," the Mock
Turtle said, "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never
learnt it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon. "I went to
the Classical master, though. He was an old crab,
he was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said

with a sigh, "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle, "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked, "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone, "tell her something about the games now."

From *Alice in Wonderland*, by LEWIS CARROLL
(C. L. DODGSON).

PICTURES AND PORTRAITS

A SEA PICTURE

I THINK the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the *Slave Ship*. It is a sunset on the Atlantic after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving between them treacherous spaces of level

and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the undistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

From *Modern Painters*, by JOHN RUSKIN.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep-peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent weaknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! to shudder with the idea that

"now, surely, he must be lost for ever!"—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (O fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle, certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the "Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises."

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early ramble, it is good to give him a penny,—it is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or spashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame

enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the *March to Finchley*, grinning at the pieman—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

CHARLES LAMB.

A VILLAGE LANDLORD

THE Donnithorne Arms stood at the entrance of the village, and a small farmyard and stackyard which flanked it, indicating that there was a pretty take of land attached to the inn, gave the traveller a promise of good feed for himself and his horse, which might well console him for the ignorance in which the weather-beaten sign left him as to the heraldic bearings of that ancient family, the Donnithornes. Mr. Casson, the landlord, had been for some time standing at the door with his hands in his pockets, balancing himself on his heels and toes, and looking towards a piece of unenclosed ground, with a maple in the middle of it, which he knew to be the destination of certain grave-looking men and women whom he had observed passing at intervals.

Mr. Casson's person was by no means of that common type which can be allowed to pass without description. On a front view it appeared to consist principally of two spheres, bearing about the same relation to each other as the earth and the moon : that is to say, the lower sphere might be said, at a rough guess, to be thirteen times larger than the upper, which naturally performed the function of a mere satellite and tributary. But

here the resemblance ceased, for Mr. Casson's head was not at all a melancholy-looking satellite, nor was it a "spotty globe," as Milton has irreverently called the moon; on the contrary, no head and face could look more sleek and healthy, and its expression, which was chiefly confined to a pair of round and ruddy cheeks, the slight knot and interruptions forming the nose and eyes being scarcely worth mention, was one of jolly contentment, only tempered by that sense of personal dignity which usually made itself felt in his attitude and bearing. This sense of dignity could hardly be considered excessive in a man who had been butler to "the family" for fifteen years, and who, in his present high position, was necessarily very much in contact with his inferiors. How to reconcile his dignity with the satisfaction of his curiosity by walking towards the Green, was the problem that Mr. Casson had been revolving in his mind for the last five minutes; but when he had partly solved it by taking his hands out of his pockets, and thrusting them into the armholes of his waistcoat, by throwing his head on one side, and providing himself with an air of contemptuous indifference to whatever might fall under his notice, his thoughts were diverted by the approach of the horseman whom we lately saw, and who now pulled up at the door of the Donnithorne Arms.

From *Adam Bede*, by GEORGE ELIOT.

A SHABBY-GENTEEL

IT happened, then, that Mr. Pecksniff found himself immediately collared by something which smelt like several damp umbrellas, a barrel of beer, a cask of warm brandy-and-water, and a small parlour-full of stale tobacco smoke, mixed ; and was straightway led downstairs into the bar from which he had lately come, where he found himself standing opposite to, and in the grasp of, a perfectly strange gentleman of still stranger appearance, who, with his disengaged hand, rubbed his own head very hard, and looked at him, Pecksniff, with an evil countenance.

The gentleman was of that order of appearance, which is currently termed shabby-genteel, though in respect of his dress he can hardly be said to have been in any extremities, as his fingers were a long way out of his gloves, and the soles of his feet were at an inconvenient distance from the upper leather of his boots. His nether garments were of a bluish gray—violent in its colours once, but sobered now by age and dinginess—and were so stretched and strained in a tough conflict between his braces and his straps, that they appeared every moment in danger of flying asunder at the knees. His coat, in colour blue and of a

military cut, was buttoned and frogged, up to his chin. His cravat was, in hue and pattern, like one of those mantles which hairdressers are accustomed to wrap about their clients, during the progress of the professional mysteries. His hat had arrived at such a pass that it would have been hard to determine whether it was originally white or black. But he wore a moustache—a shaggy moustache too ; nothing in the meek and merciful way, but quite in the fierce and scornful style : the regular Satanic sort of thing—and he wore, besides, a vast quantity of unbrushed hair. He was very dirty and very jaunty ; very bold and very mean ; very swaggering and very slinking ; very much like a man who might have been something better, and unspeakably like a man who deserved to be something worse.

From *Martin Chuzzlewit*, by CHARLES DICKENS.

THE PATRIOT

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day !

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowds and cries.
Had I said, "Good folks, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies !"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else ?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep.
Nought man could do, have I left undone
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set—
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go !

In such triumphs, people have dropped down
dead.

“ Thou, paid by the World,—what dost thou owe
Me ? ” God might have questioned : but now
instead
‘Tis God shall requite ! I am safer so.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A "NOW"

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can ; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out of the sky, and holds sharp, uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it ; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars ; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes ; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his

skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail ; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful twopence. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots, and shoes, and trees by the roadside, are thick with dust ; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable ; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings for "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to

be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand ; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook “rumbing in pebble-stone,” is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in doorways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water doorways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now fruiterers’ shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths ; and people make presents of flowers ; and wine is put into ice ; and the after-dinner lounger recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounger, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockeys, walking in

greatcoats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in office do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old-clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street ; and bakers look vicious ; and cooks are aggravated ; and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats ; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand ; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated ; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted ; and butter is too easy to spread ; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets ; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation ; and the servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot ; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE BLESSEDÉ DAMOZEL

The blessedé damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven ;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even ;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn ;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

It was the rampart of God's house
 That she was standing on ;
 By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is Space begun ;
 So high, that looking downward thence
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
 Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
 Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
 Their virginal chaste names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
 Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
 Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
 Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon
 Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
 She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
 Had when they sang together.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

ON THE WAY

THE road next day, passed below a town not less primitive, it might seem, than its rocky perch—white rocks, that had long been glistening before him in the distance. Down the dewy paths the people were descending from it, to keep a holiday, high and low alike in rough, white linen smocks. A homely old play was just begun in an open-air theatre, with seats hollowed out of the turf-grown slope. Marius caught the terrified expression of a child in its mother's arms, as it turned from the yawning mouth of a great mask, for refuge in her bosom. The way mounted, and descended again, down the steep street of another place, all resounding with the noise of metal under the hammer; for every house had its brazier's workshop, the bright objects of brass and copper gleaming, like lights in a cave, out of their dark roofs and corners. Around the anvils the children were watching the work, or ran to fetch water to the hissing, red-hot metal; and Marius too watched, as he took his hasty mid-day refreshment, a mess of chestnut-meal and cheese, while the swelling surface of a great copper water-vessel grew flowered all over with tiny petals under the skilful strokes. Towards

dusk, a frantic woman at the roadside, stood and cried out the words of some philter, or malison, in verse, with weird motion of her hands, as the travellers passed, like a wild picture drawn from Virgil.

From *Marius the Epicurean*, by WALTER PATER.

IN SERIOUS VEIN

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place ?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face ?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?

Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

PROSPICE

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

ROBERT BROWNING.

EXERCISES

ACTION AND ADVENTURE

1. What points of similarity or contrast do you find between Rob Roy's Escape and Gerard's Escape from the Tower? Which do you consider the more exciting?
2. There are four equestrian adventures related here. In which of them is the horse the hero?
3. Compare the two galloping poems, (*a*) in Subject matter; (*b*) in Style.
4. Quote examples of humorous or otherwise interesting dialogue in the extracts from Dickens and Borrow.
5. Why was Hereward's killing of the bear a crisis in his life?
6. "The Adventures of a Piece of Lace" is a quiet, humorous narrative written in a simple, artless style. Enlarge on this and attempt a detailed criticism of the story.
7. What are the most striking characteristics of "The War Song of Dinas Vawr"?
8. Imagine you are a spectator of Gerard's descent from the tower and describe the scene as vividly as possible.
9. What unusual features do you notice about the duel described by Marryat? How is the humorous effect secured?
10. Would you call "Shameful Death" a dramatic piece of writing? Give reasons for your answer.
11. Using "The Lantern Bearers" as a model attempt a narrative essay on "Adventures in the Dark."
12. What qualities do you admire most in Hardy's writing?

THE CALL OF BEAUTY

1. Which of the writers represented in this section would you call the greatest "Nature Lovers"? Why?
2. In the poems where do you find the most *colour*? Quote a few lines to illustrate your answer.
3. Which of the pictures of sunrise comes nearest to your own experience? Do you prefer the prose or the poetical descriptions? Give reasons.
4. Show that Keats "preaches the Gospel of Beauty" in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn". Which two lines sum up his whole attitude to beauty?
5. Add a few quotations to support Matthew Arnold's argument in "The Power of Poetry."
6. Quote the lines that most appeal to you in the poems on music. Which of the writers in this section find (a) Sounds, (b) Scenes, their chief source of inspiration in describing beauty?

WAYFARERS AND TRAVELLERS

1. How far do you agree with Hazlitt's opinions on going a journey? What is the *keynote* of his essay? Does it correspond with that of "The Vagabond"?
2. Which of the accounts of foreign travel do you consider the most *informative*? Which is the most attractively written? Point out its attractions.
3. Contrast a Lapp with a Fuegian.

4. What details impress you most in the descriptions of desert and forest?
5. What travellers other than Speke were concerned with the exploration of African rivers?
6. Write an essay on "The Romance of Modern Travel," or "A Page from the Diary of a Modern Explorer."

THE PAST REVIVED

1. The three poems give vivid pictures of the past. Which of them is based upon legend rather than historical fact?
2. Using Hallam as your authority write a brief description of "A Royal Hunt" in the days of William the Conqueror.
3. In what way does Froude describe the defeat of the Armada as a one-sided contest?
4. Compare Scott's portrait of Charles II. with that of, say, Oliver Cromwell.
5. Macaulay gives a graphic account of a great crime. Fill in the historical details with special reference to Clive in India.
6. Carlyle has a peculiar style. Illustrate its merits and defects from the extract from his *French Revolution*.
7. What great crisis in history is dealt with in the passages from Southey and De Quincey? Explain the importance of the two victories.
8. Criticise "The Cry of the Children" as a humanitarian poem and add an historical note on the industrial conditions which inspired it.
9. How do Huxley and Tennyson reflect a new outlook upon Science and History?

THE POST

1. What do you consider the essentials of a good letter? Illustrate from the examples given in this book.
2. Write an imaginary letter from Lamb, the "Stay at home," to Shelley the traveller; also a reply to the same.
3. Do you find Dickens's account of his raven interesting? In what way?
4. Why are the two letters to children delightful in their kind?
5. Point out the main differences between business and private correspondence. When do letters become "literature"?

THE CHANGING YEAR

1. Which is your favourite season? Illustrate its particular beauties by reference to the poems given.
2. Note individual differences in the attitude of poets to (a) Spring, (b) Autumn. Which poem gives you the most comprehensive picture?
3. Quote lines that strike you as particularly effective in describing (a) flowers, (b) the music of Nature.
4. What is the keynote of the poems by Swinburne, Browning and Shelley respectively?

SCHOOL DAYS

1. Use Thackeray's account of the fight between Dobbin and Cuff as the basis of a discussion on fighting as the best way to settle schoolboy differences.
2. Is there anything to be said in favour of Mr. Squeers' educational system?
3. Compare the early experiences of John Ridd and Tom Brown at school. Why is each a typical schoolboy hero?
4. Discuss the value of the extract from *Jane Eyre* as a picture of school life. What impression is the writer trying to create?
5. Lewis Carroll writes delicious nonsense. But is there anything more than that in "The Mock Turtle's Story"?

PICTURES AND PORTRAITS

1. Study carefully the method used by Ruskin in describing the sea-picture by Turner. Make a list of the *colour* words used.
2. What are the most striking qualities discernible in Lamb's portrait of a chimney-sweep? Do they throw any light on the author's personality?
3. Compare the portraiture of George Eliot and Dickens. Which of these two writers makes use of caricature?
4. Quote a few humorous touches in Leigh Hunt's description of a hot day. Attempt a "Now" description of a cold day—on similar lines.

252 NINETEENTH CENTURY MISCELLANY

5. Illustrate from "The Blessed Damozel" Rossetti's artistic powers.
6. What details enable you to "place" the picture drawn by Walter Pater?

IN SERIOUS VEIN

1. Compare the attitude towards life of Clough and Christina Rossetti.
2. What light does "Prospice" throw on Browning's personality?

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822-1888)	91, 184
BATES, HENRY WALTER (1825-1892)	126
BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE (1825-1900)	201
BORROW, GEORGE (1803-1881)	39
BRONTË, CHARLOTTE (1816-1855)	203
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT (1806-1861)	95, 162
BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889)	32, 84, 182, 230, 245
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON (LORD) (1788-1824)	133
CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795-1881)	153
CARROLL, LEWIS (CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON) (1832-1898)	215
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819-1861)	243
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834)	97, 181
DARWIN, CHARLES (1809-1882)	111
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS (1785-1859)	158
DICKENS, CHARLES (1812-1870)	24, 175, 199, 228
DUFFERIN, LORD (1826-1902)	106
ELIOT, GEORGE (MARY ANN EVANS) (1819-1880)	226
FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY (1818-1894)	143
GASKELL, ELIZABETH CLEGHORN (1810-1865)	47
HALLAM, HENRY (1777-1859)	140
HARDY, THOMAS (1840-1928)	68
HAZLITT, WILLIAM (1778-1830)	101

	PAGE
HOOD, THOMAS (1799-1845)	177
HUGHES, THOMAS (1823-1896)	210
HUNT, LEIGH (1784-1859)	232
HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY (1825-1895)	164
JEFFERIES, RICHARD (1848-1887)	80
KEATS, JOHN (1796-1821)	89, 184
KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER WILLIAM (1809-1891)	116
KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1819-1875)	44
LAMB, CHARLES (1775-1834)	169, 223
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE (1775-1864)	82
LYTTON, EDWARD BULWER (LORD) (1803-1873)	135
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON (LORD) (1800-1859)	149
MARRYAT, FREDERICK (1792-1848)	57
MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834-1896)	63
O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR (1844-1881)	98
PATER, WALTER HORATIO (1839-1894)	238
PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE (1785-1866)	50
READE, CHARLES (1814-1884)	52
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA (1830-1894)	183, 244
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL (1828-1882)	236
RUSKIN, JOHN (1819-1900)	88, 221
SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832)	17, 36, 147
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822)	76, 77, 172, 186
SMITH, SYDNEY (1771-1845)	174
SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843)	156
SPEKE, JOHN HANNING (1827-1864)	122
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850-1894)	65, 84, 104
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES (1837-1909)	181

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS 255

PAGE

TENNYSON, ALFRED LORD (1809-1892)	83, 138, 166, 188
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (1811-1863)	191
WORDSWORTH, DOROTHY (1771-1855)	75
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850)	73, 74, 82, 93, 94

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The grateful thanks of the Publishers are here tendered to the following, for courteous permission to use copyright poems and prose extracts in this work:

Messrs. Chatto and Windus, for "The Lantern Bearers" (from *Across the Plains*); "Dawn" (from *Prince Otto*), and the poem "The Vagabond," by Robert Louis Stevenson, and "Christmas Carols" (from *Under the Greenwood Tree*), by Thomas Hardy.

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd., for "Thoughts by the Tumulus" (from *The Story of my Heart*), by Richard Jefferies.

Mr. John Murray, for "The Lapps" (from *Letters from High Latitudes*), by Lord Dufferin.

Messrs. Wm. Heinemann Ltd., for "Spring," by A. C. Swinburne.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for "On the Way" (from *Marius the Epicurean*), by Walter Pater.

